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PRESIDENT WILSON'S refusal at least for the present to recommend war with Austria-Hungary and other allies of Germany was both shrewd and statesmanlike. The American government has every reason, consistent with effective resistance to German terrorism and with the effective promotion of America's purpose in entering the war, to limit American liability. It could not do so more effectively than by discriminating between Germany and her allies and by seeking to deal with the Austro-Hungarian phase of the general problem as a phase which was entitled in certain respects to separate treatment. The United States has no quarrel with Austria-Hungary similar to that which it has with Germany; and our government cannot sympathize with many of the proposals to break up the Austro-Hungarian Empire, to which the Allies are more or less committed. A refusal to declare war on the partners of Germany disassociates American purposes to this extent from those of the other enemies of Germany. The dispatches from London in the newspapers of Wednesday morning, after the publication of Mr. Wilson's speech abroad, proved how quickly the significance of Mr. Wilson's behavior was seized by Englishmen. They discovered in it an attempt, which apparently they did not resent, to keep the policy of this country distinct. And distinct it must be kept until the end. Just because it will be distinct, but at the same time wholly disinterested, it can be used by English, French and Russian liberals as an effective weapon with which to oppose the demands of their own imperialist factions.

THE policy of keeping American policy distinguished from that of the other enemies of Germany will have the possible drawback of introducing eventually some dissensions into the counsels of the Allies; but if so, the drawback will be more than balanced by the advantage of introducing dissensions into the counsels of the Central Powers. The diplomacy of the Allied governments has up to date tended to purchase united action among themselves by provoking their opponents to an even more effective union. Mr. Wilson's diplomacy will have an opportunity of avoiding any such necessity, if necessity it was. Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary may come to recognize in him a protector in so far as they need protection against unjust exactions. They may use him to protect themselves against their fearful ally as well as against their enemies. Already additional proposals for a peace conference have come from Austro-Hungarian sources, and the persistence of the overture makes it look extremely significant. In truth Austria-Hungary must long for peace with almost irresistible urgency. The people must want it because they can gain nothing from prolonging the war but additional privations and suffering. The government must want it, because every additional week of bloodshed makes a domestic revolution more nearly inevitable. As soon as they are assured of the ultimate failure of the submarine campaign, Austro-Hungarians may conceivably seek through American offices a separate agreement. In any event, their behavior will add enormously to the anxieties and difficulties of the German gov-

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ernment. President Wilson cannot render the common cause a greater service than by negotiating and manoeuvering in order to develop the latent division between Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria and Germany.

PARTICIPATION by the United States in the war will have one result in which all good Americans can rejoice without misgivings and without qualifications. It will help enormously to remove misunderstanding between the Canadian and the American nations and to lay an indispensable foundation for their future coöperation. If the United States had refused to come in, our Canadian neighbors would, rightly or wrongly, have always considered us as recreant to the ideals which underlie their institutions as well as ours; and they would have cherished a resentment which would have interfered with the future ability of the two countries to act and think along common lines. We have been saved from such a calamity. Of all the disasters which could have overtaken the foreign relationship of the United States, permanent or radical estrangement from Canada would have been the worst. Of all the positive needs of American foreign policy the working out of some basis of common action with Canada is the most essential. The facts of geography, the circumstances of a common experience and similarity of institutions and ideals all help to make Canada the nearest relative and the most fruitful ally of the American Republic. At the present time Canada and the United States are the only two nations participating in the war which have nothing to gain from their labors and sacrifices, except political goods which will benefit all free and democratic nations no less than themselves. It should, consequently, be the deliberate policy of the American government to use every opportunity afforded by the participation of Canada and the United States in the same war to convert that common participation into the most immediate and many-sided practical coöperation.

THE President's suggestion that the new army may be raised on the principle of universal liability to service is made, we take it, for at least two powerful reasons. The first is the desire to avoid stripping important industries of indispensable men by an indiscriminate call for volunteers. This is a mistake we must avoid because for the present our chief contribution is necessarily economic. But there is a second consideration of equal importance. No one who has studied a recruiting campaign in actual operation can have any illusions about its moral tyranny. It is perhaps the most poisonous thing to which a nation can be subjected in time of war. It cannot be conducted without manufactured hate, and to insure its success public opinion is put in a strait jacket. Criticism by liberals is suppressed on the ground that it is likely to interfere with recruiting, and the caprices of the censorship find their justification in the military necessity. As America is placed to-day it is especially important to raise the army without a recruiting campaign. This does not necessarily mean immediate resort to compulsion.

THE government can, we believe, avoid indiscriminate volunteering and a recruiting campaign by some such plan as this: Organize immediately a register of men and women of military age. This would describe occupation, alternate abilities, conscientious objections to military duty, dependents, etc. From the register the Council of National Defense could say which classes of men should under no circumstances be enlisted, which classes are entitled to exemption. To the remaining men between certain ages the government might then send an invitation to volunteer. It seems altogether probable that the first 500,000 could be recruited this way. If they weren't, the government would then be in a position to use compulsion, and know where and on whom to use it. The voluntary principle would thus be retained to the point where it was consistent with the need of industry. To Germany it would be a most significant move, for it would mean a threat rising from the west which would gather force as time went on. By establishing the machinery of universal service at once, and retaining the voluntary principle as long as it works, we should be in a position to exert our maximum force in the most economical and least obnoxious way.

THE Shipping Board alone is in a position to relieve the shortage of ocean tonnage. The Board has the money, the authority and the capacity for extensive organization essential to effective action. The private yards are building ships as fast as they can. It is impossible to accelerate their production. To equip new steel shipbuilding plants would take too long a time even if our capacity for producing ship plates were not already overtaxed. The one elastic element in the shipbuilding industry is the wooden ship. By systematic organization of existing resources, we can produce wooden ships in any number desired. Such organization the Shipping Board is capable of effecting. It has already worked out a general plan of action. The technical and industrial problems involved are in the way of solution. In such an emergency as the present it may confidently be

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expected that the Shipping Board will tolerate none of the dilatoriness that usually characterizes official action. If our national interest is placed in jeopardy by needless delay, the Shipping Board will bear the blame, whether it may justly be imposed upon them or not.

WHETHER our aid to the Allies is to be effective or not depends in first instance and last upon our ability to supply ourselves with adequate ocean transportation. We speak of extending loans to the Allies: what good will that do unless we can convey across the Atlantic the supplies in which an international loan takes shape? The merchant tonnage of the Allies is fully occupied in taking care of existing business, and the submarines are still reducing such tonnage much faster than the shipyards are increasing it. We speak of sending armies to Europe, if the war lasts long enough to get them ready and if our international interests require such a step. How will such armies strengthen the Allied cause, if their transportation and supply are to be provided out of an ocean shipping service already terribly overburdened? To be effective at all we must do our utmost to increase our volume of ocean shipping. Building ships may be a prosaic enterprise when we are just awakening to the fact of war. It is quite the most important warlike enterprise we can undertake at the present moment.

THEORETICALLY the law provides for the defense of every man accused of crime. The provision is in the form of assigned counsel. This is a voluntary service, undertaken usually by lawyers who work for nothing because they are too unsuccessful to work, except infrequently, for something. One of these practitioners summed up the situation by a frank appeal to the jury: "This man," he urged, "has no lawyer. I am only assigned counsel. I get no pay. My only reward is in heaven, and how can I ever get there?" It is that state of affairs which the Voluntary Defenders Committee is trying to remedy; and their plan is simply to employ, pay and direct the efforts of counsel who will volunteer to take assignments. They will serve on a salary basis and receive no other compensation and do no other work. The enterprise is being financed by relatively few individuals, but the worth of it makes it one which ought to be supported through a wide public interest. When the plan is carried out there will be no further need for assigning incompetent lawyers or professional assignment chasers, and the poor and the rich will be in practice as well as in theory nearer to equality before the law.

AN action for separation recently came up in the Supreme Court of New York. It was a very ordinary case. "The defendant husband," quoting from the Law Journal, "earns less than ten dollars per week. The parties have been married seventeen years. The wife, who is a frail woman and suffers from heart trouble, has borne eleven children, and now she is in a painfully apparent condition of anaemia." Finding the conditions unbearable, plaintiff left the defendant. Then it appeared that, although "a violent antipathy seemed to exist between the parties," the defendant wanted the plaintiff back. Eleven children were somewhat of a care, and he contested that it was not humanly possible for him to provide alimony, even though the court shaved it down to $4 per week. The judge admitted that the case distressed him. But he found it "unthinkable to condemn this woman who is still in poor health to go back and cohabit with the defendant," and the separation was awarded.—A few weeks later Mrs. Ethel Byrne was imprisoned on Blackwell's Island, charged with disseminating birth control information among the poor.

The Great Decision

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance."

IT has not been an easy decision to make, and it is not made easily or gaily or restlessly. It has come after as careful deliberation as human judgment could go through. It is a conclusion reached by the least jingo and most peaceful of American Presidents. We have become the enemies of the German government only after every device of patience and every ingenuity for peace is exhausted. No government ever had fuller opportunity to mend its ways, to show to an anxious world that its crimes were blunders and not the normal expression of its character. What charity could do has been done for the German Empire. After outrage upon outrage, intrigue and assault and cruelty, we have still hoped and prayed that even among the governing classes there was a liberal faction which would lead Germany back among the decent governments. We have endured measureless insult in the belief that there was a civil group who were ready to act with liberals everywhere in the pacification of the world.

They have had their chance. Every encouragement has been extended to them because the American government was eager to be shown the possibility of peace. In December the President gave them an opportunity to say that they renounced

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conquest and cared for the organization of a stable international system. They could not accept that offer because they had not renounced conquest. We know now that the official German terms include the subjugation not only of Belgium but of a part of France, that the real intention of that government was to divide the Allies by intrigue and then rob France of her iron mines and Belgium of her freedom. We know those were her terms, and that in order to impose them upon the world she was prepared to destroy the merchant shipping of all nations. That is the revealed plan of Germany's ruling class, be it the party of Bethmann-Hollweg or von Tirpitz.

After that exposure there could be no peace and no mere armed neutrality. In all literalness civilization is hanging in the balance. The success of such a government with such a policy would make the twentieth century a period of profound reaction. It would mean almost certainly the defeat of the Russian Revolution, the absorption of the small nations of Central Europe, the humiliation of France, the monopolization of the road to the East, the disintegration of the British Commonwealth which is to arise out of the Empire, the terrorizing of the Americas, and a fastening upon the whole civilized world of a system of aggressive policies backed by an illiberal collectivism and a thorough conscription of human life. No league of peace could be organized, and for no great nation would fundamental democratic reform be possible. In such a world of terrors only the military virtues could survive.

This is what the President has seen, and this is what has led him to the fearful choice of war. If the European struggle were a war of Tweedledum and Tweedledee he could not have asked for anything more than an attempt to defend American rights as best we could. But after the revolution in Russia the issue is explicit, not merely implicit. There is no longer any doubt that the present German government is the keystone of reaction, that it is the great obstacle to the organization of peace, that it must be resisted and defeated.

The league of peace exists sooner than any of us dared to hope. What was a paper plan and a theoretic vision two years ago is to-day a reality. The liberal peoples of the world are united in a common cause. To be sure they have much to do before their own houses are put in order, and democracy is by no means secure among those who proclaim it. Nevertheless, the nations in which public opinion really counts are all engaged and all on the same side. The cause of the Allies is now unmistakably the cause of liberalism and the hope of an enduring peace. Democracy is infectious—the entrance of the Russian and American democracies is sure to be a stimulus to democrats everywhere, and it is now as certain as anything human can be that the war which started as a clash of empires in the Balkans will dissolve into democratic revolution the world over. A diplomatic tangle over backward territories has unloosed the peoples at home.

For having seen this and said it, for having selected the moment when the issue was so clear, for having done so much through the winter to make the issue clear, our debt and the world's debt to Woodrow Wilson is immeasurable. Any mediocre politician might have gone to war futilely for rights that in themselves cannot be defended by war. Only a statesman who will be called great could have made America's intervention mean so much to the generous forces of the world, could have lifted the inevitable horror of war into a deed so full of meaning. Other men have led nations to war to increase their glory, their wealth, their prestige. No other statesman has ever so clearly identified the glory of his country with the peace and liberty of the world.

Mr. Wilson has created an opportunity which is without parallel. He can mean more to the happiness of mankind than any one who ever addressed the world. Through force of circumstances and through his own genius he has made it a practical possibility that he is to be the first great statesman to begin the better organization of the world. It is a task to which he can give himself without stint or scruple, to which he can subordinate everything else. He can afford to use himself absolutely for this work alone.

The business of mobilizing the nation he can put into expert hands, for it would be a waste if he permitted himself to be swallowed up in the multitude of details which will confront him. In the present temper of the country he need concede nothing to the party machines. He can pick his men without respect to the politicians. He has only to say publicly that the needs of the nation demand the best service available, and public opinion will deal with attempts by Congress or any special interest to clutter up the government and lame it. The President's duty is to free himself from the worries of administrative routine, so that he may be able to devote his entire attention to the great work of shaping the larger outlines of policy.

If that is done there is no need to fear for the future. Mr. Wilson is to-day the most liberal statesman in high office, and before long he is likely to be the most powerful. He represents the best hope in the whole world. He can go ahead exultingly with the blessings of men and women upon him.

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German Political Strategy

IF there are any Germans who are still capable of disinterestedly analyzing the moral and practical relationship of Germany to the rest of mankind, what, we wonder, are their honest thoughts about the existing plight of the Fatherland? German political strategy has finally succeeded in uniting practically the whole of the civilized world in opposition to the Central Powers. Do thoughtful Germans really believe that their government has done nothing to deserve this enmity? Do they believe that the union of such a conglomerate mass of peoples and nations against them is a conspiracy of the unscrupulous and the predatory? Can they figure out any possible permanent benefit to their own country from a policy which at best will purchase some small territorial gains with the suspicion and hostility of all the more advanced and progressive nations? If so they must either be verging on madness themselves or they must be the only sane, upright and inoffensive people in a world of crazy cormorants.

The entrance of the United States into the war and the revolution in Russia have little apparent connection one with another, but the two events are not as disconnected as they seem. The American nation is the most populous, pacific and powerful democracy in the world, the democracy which was antecedently most friendly to Germany and which at all times has been most reluctant to join her enemies. The Russian Empire was the most populous, powerful and restless of the European autocracies, the autocracy which many democrats were predisposed to fear and distrust more than they feared and distrusted Germany. After the great war had started, with the Central Powers on one side and France, Great Britain and Russia on the other, the prime object of German political strategy should have been to prevent the two possible alterations in the relation of Germany to the other great nations, either or both of which would have been most harmful to German interests. German statesmen should have labored to keep the United States neutral, because American neutrality, quite apart from the increase in effective power which America could bring to the anti-German alliance, was necessary to Germany's moral case. As long as the United States was not involved, all the democratic nations were not aligned against Germany, and the official theory of an aggressive Einkreisung on the part of her enemies retained some plausibility. For the same reason German strategy should have aimed to keep Russia autocratic, so that the German Empire could reap the moral benefit of having as her chief enemy, and the enemy whose motives and methods at the outbreak of the war were most questionable, the least democratic and liberal of European nations. In spite, however, of the advantages which Germany would enjoy from the perpetuation both of American neutrality and Russian autocracy, neither has been perpetuated. Russia has become a republic and the United States an anti-German belligerent. German political strategy instead of preventing these results has adopted a course which tended strongly to bring them into existence.

The United States is a geographically isolated country, connected with the rest of the world by maritime lines of communication. Its security could not be threatened, its apprehensions could not be aroused so long as some kind of law and order continued to prevail on the high seas. The issues of the European war were bound to look remote and unreal to the scattered rural communities of the American democracy, unless violent means were taken to force them on American attention. These means German statesmen proceeded to take. They did their best to bring home to the American nation the perils with which the unscrupulous conduct of a general war would threaten their democratic institutions and their safety. They deprived commerce and travel on the marine highway of all its traditional safeguards. They deliberately tried to reproduce on the American continent the European system of aggressive alliances; they deliberately challenged the Monroe Doctrine. Finally, they sought to use the hospitality which a friendly nation offered to their diplomatic agents as an opportunity to plot against that nation's laws and government. They did their best to undermine the loyalty of American citizens to the American nation and to domesticate in a peaceful and trustful community the treachery and barbarism of German military policy and methods. Thus they finally brought home to the American nation the danger to its own traditions and ideals of a world in which the modern German Empire was dominant.

The handling of German relations with Russia was equally maladroit. Of course the two countries were at war, and it was the business of German statesmen as well as the German armies to injure their Russian enemies to the best of their ability. But whatever they did to Russia they should have done nothing to undermine the power of the Russian autocracy and bureaucracy. Russia under the Romanoffs was a useful but not a dangerous enemy to Germany. It was useful because its policy was ambitious and unscrupulous and provided Germany with excuses for raising issues and threatening war. It was not dangerous, because it was corrupt, inefficient, and never certain of the loyalty of its own people. The German armies

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were obliged to attack Russia and do their best to destroy Russian military power, but German statesmen were unwise to compromise the fruits of victory with political intrigue. As soon as the Russians realized that they were being beaten in part at least with the connivance of their own leaders, and that the Germans were both occupying their territory and seducing their rulers, they were forced to take the great step. Threatened as they were by an unscrupulous and powerful enemy, they dared to undertake a revolution in the midst of a war, and the revolution was successful precisely because all Russian patriots had to rally to the only government which secured to them protection both against the German armies and the results of German intrigue.

Thus German political strategy has taught the American and the Russian peoples two different but connected lessons. Americans have been taught by a series of bitter and humiliating experiences that for the present the enterprises and methods of the German government are dangerous to their security. The price of their democracy is enmity and war with Germany. Russians have been taught that they cannot effectively fight Germany without sharpening the differences between their domestic organization and that of Germany. Because they were enemies of the German government they were forced to become democratic. The friendly democracy was compelled to save itself by becoming a belligerent. The hostile autocracy was compelled to save itself by becoming a democracy. The German government itself has given unquestionable authenticity to a statement of the issue between Germany and the world which French and British publicists have labored so hard to establish. They have encouraged all the important democracies to become their enemies. They have encouraged all their important enemies to become democratic. If autocracy is the principle of political life and progress, it is an achievement which may result at some future time in German supremacy, but what if democracy is the life-giving principle? And in that event what kind of a price will the German people have to pay for the hideous and calamitous error of their rulers?

Financing the War

WHETHER our men will ever play a significant part in the war upon which we are entering is a question for the future. There is no question whatever that our financial resources will play a significant part. Money is needed—immense sums, and we have them at our command. Our capacity for absorbing bonds and for bearing taxation is equal to the heaviest burdens that can be laid upon us. The problem is simply one of devising methods of financing that will carry with them the minimum of incidental and useless dislocation of industry and inconvenience of living. What we have to avoid on the one hand is a feverish boom of profit making, with kiting prices and insidious undermining of standards of consumption, and on the other hand the crushing of industry under excessive burdens, with resultant stagnation, unemployment and discouragement.

Inflation is a natural consequence of extravagant credit financiering. It has handicapped us in every war we have carried on. We may have learned to eschew the most pernicious form of credit, paper money. But excessive bond issues are capable of producing evils almost as serious. In one way or another government bonds inflate the volume of banking credit, our really important circulating medium. If we issue billions of dollars' worth of bonds, without adequate countervailing measures, money will be " easy," prices will soar, our workers will find ends refusing to meet and our profit makers will plunge into a revel of extravagance, to our moral disgrace and to the disruption of what social harmony we enjoy. Germany, it is true, has followed a policy of financing the war chiefly through bonds. Taxation has been increased hardly more than is necessary to assure the interest on the rapidly expanding volume of debt. Yet Germany has escaped the evil of seriously inflated prices. But she escaped this evil through a system of price control that we have not the administrative machinery for reproducing.

We should have the reverse condition if we attempted to supply our whole financial need through taxation. Economists since the days of John Stuart Mill have coquetted with the idea of a war financed wholly through taxes. The means of warfare are not money and credit instruments, but munitions and supplies produced by current industry. We cannot get these out of the past or the future. Why then should we not make the present pay for its war making out of the material resources it must in any event create? Why should war leave a pernicious hang-over in the shape of a colossal war debt? Simply because we have not the administrative capacity to distribute taxation in such a way as to supply our needs from current industry without depressing the volume of production. Not even the German administrative machine would attempt such a task. Were we to announce to the world that we proposed to try out such a method in the present crisis, Germany would have reason to rejoice in one serious enemy reduced to partial impotence.

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While a policy of crushing taxation would be disastrous, there are none the less most promising possibilities in the employment of taxation not only to reduce the requirement for loan funds, but also to counteract the tendency toward inflation that would arise from large loan issues. Not all taxation would serve this purpose. A general system of customs duties and excises, such as we employed in the Civil War, would merely aggravate the evil of inflation. The seller would add the tax to the price, and in most instances would add more than the tax. The tax would serve as a plausible explanation for every attempt to gouge the public. In the excited state of popular feeling, consumption taxes would be an instrument of exploitation of the many placed in the hands of the few.

No such consequences could follow upon the imposition of additional taxes on incomes, inheritance and business profits. These are taxes that can not be shifted through an advance in prices. Tax my income or my profits, and all I can do is to economize. I refrain from buying goods I don't need, and leave them for persons who do need them. When I do buy goods, I am resentful of inadequately explained advances in prices. The seller has to adjust his scale of profit to the reluctance of the public. Obviously, to produce such an effect as this income and profits taxes must be as general as possible. It does some good to tax heavily the swollen incomes and the rich profits of war industries. But the maximum good is to be derived from taxes levied upon all profits beyond a reasonable minimum, upon all incomes not too small to preclude the possibility of economizing. Let us increase heavily the rates of taxation on incomes now subject to taxation. But at the same time let us reduce the exemption from its present pacific level of $3,000 and $4,000 to the level of $1,500 and $2,000. This will still remain the highest exemption in the world. And so long as we find any evidence of inflation of prices, let us keep on increasing the rates of taxation. Experience will disclose for us the point of equilibrium.

How great a revenue we can raise by such methods of taxation we can only guess. In the last year the British government has raised nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars from the excess profits tax and almost a billion from income taxation, without wholly checking inflation. Our national income is at least twice that of the United Kingdom and our volume of profits probably even more greatly exceeds that of the British. We should therefore be able to produce financial results from taxation at least as satisfactory as the British. We shall not attain to such efficiency at once, but we must proceed immediately toward increased taxation if we hope to keep down our burden of debt and escape an era of inflation and extravagance that will lame our energies in the presence of the enemy.

More Than Pacifism

WHEN you are at a disadvantage in arguing the merits of a question, the easiest retort is, of course, to impugn the motives of your opponent. This is now the procedure in much of our war discussion: hysterical patriots accuse all pacifists of having German connections, and hysterical pacifists are blind to any cause for war except a desire to protect American loans and credit to the Entente Powers. Recrimination of this sort naturally will have little effect in the long run, but it is not wise on that account to overlook certain real connections between the war and domestic issues which are profoundly rooted in the public mind, and must sooner or later be reckoned with.

Any visitor to the recent crowded pacifist mass meeting in New York at Madison Square Garden must have been impressed by its complexion. There were in it a large number of Germans, but they did not preponderate, and the meeting was far from being a pro-German demonstration. There were citizens of all conditions and faiths. There were women from the East Side with shawl-covered heads, men with flat chests and pinched faces whose lives had been spent over stitching machines, street-car conductors, dock laborers, young, excited men and women such as can be seen during any political campaign at street-corner gatherings or during any garment strike at union locals. These people were not thinking mainly either of international affairs or of unadulterated pacifist philosophy. But there were certain details of our social organism that had come close to them. Steadily rising prices of all life's necessities had eaten into their wages. Food scarcity, which they believed was artificially promoted for profit, had impoverished their tables. They had heard much of prosperity, but their wages had not risen in any fair proportion to the prices they had to pay. They had read of the vast profits, the hundred per cent and two hundred per cent dividends of our great industrial companies—as a result of the war. The rising cost of living, it had been drummed into them, was a result of the war. They remembered the street car and subway strike, in which even an attempt to organize on the part of the men had been crushed by prosperous corporations whose history is notorious for financial and political corruption. They remembered the long struggles in the garment trades, among the longshoremen—in this, that and the other industry—

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in which the financial powers had almost invariably been against them.

Now the cry was that Wall Street wanted war—and in fact, nothing could be more obvious. The spokesmen of the money power, the men who had consistently opposed unionism and all extensions of democracy, had been in vociferous evidence for a long time, asking the United States to fight in behalf of liberalism and democracy abroad. To the people in Madison Square Garden this had grown to be more than a grim joke—it was an insult, an outrage. The angry growls and hoots which greeted the names of Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt represented no sentimental attachment to slothful peace; they were genuine proletarian protest, the articulate revolt of an oppressed class.

After the large meeting smaller groups gathered in neighboring streets to listen to the outdoor speakers. On one corner an automobile tried to break through the crowd, tooting its horn incessantly and drowning out the woman on the box. When the people saw a young man and girl in the car, they separated, and let it by. Soon another, more luxurious motor, with a sedan body, drove up. In it were two stout, well dressed men who might have posed as "trusts" for any cartoonist. The crowd would not separate. "Never mind, go ahead," snapped out one of the occupants. The car started, knocking people over. Instantly the running boards swarmed with angry men, glass was broken, fists cracked, and the car was about to be overturned bodily when a squad of police reserves rushed up, brandishing heavy night-sticks. The crowd retreated before the majesty of the law.

How can a liberal justify to these fellow citizens of his our responsibility to fight for international order? This, we have said and believed, is a war against a predatory autocracy, and the United States is going into it with one of the best causes and one of the most hopeful purposes for which a nation ever fought. But the clean purpose and enthusiasm of the nation is poisoned by its own internal class struggle. Our plutocrats, whether they know it or not, are themselves largely responsible for the bitterness of the protest. It is they who have made the American purpose seem insincere. Surely it is too late now to create loyalty by petitions, to dragoon it by laws and persecutions. We cannot commandeer unity by arresting schoolboys who distribute pacifist leaflets, by refusing the use of university buildings to pacifist speakers, by barring the advancement of pacifist school principals. Our chance to devote our whole energy to a great international purpose has been nearly lost through our deficiency in creating industrial and social justice within the nation. Nothing can now rob the protest of its validity except a conspicuous surrender on the part of our propertied classes. While we are fighting for democracy abroad, the American Bourbons dare no longer delay us in the task of perfecting it at home.

Thank You for Nothing

". . . . The Power that governs the earth is not the Power of Life but of Death; and the inner need that has nerved Life to the effort of organizing itself into the human being is not the need for higher life but a more efficient engine of destruction."

—*The Devil in a play.*

"Without the aid of women England could not carry on the war."

—*Mr. Asquith in Parliament.*

SO that's accomplished, and another statesman has had an idea drilled into his head. But Mr. Asquith's education has come pretty high when you think of it. Women have died, have worked themselves sick, have spent their youth and their ardor for many bitter years to teach the Asquiths what they might so easily have known long ago. It has come high. It has deprived an empire of two generations of women's leadership. It has diverted into propaganda an energy that would have served England well. The conversion is now described as a triumph! A cynic would call it a monument to the density of statesmen.

The directing classes in the modern world have to be frightened, bullied, shocked before they stir themselves out of their office routine and their dinner party program to a recognition of the simplest and most obvious things. It takes a threat of strikes to win recognition for labor, a world-wide convulsion to attract attention to the needs of oppressed peoples, the agony of war to convince Mr. Asquith that women belong to the modern industrial state. Without a terrible jolting they go on dithering about the rights of free contract, law and order, and women's sphere, though all the heavens cry out that they are talking nonsense.

Now New York in this emergency has got to spend the energy of its very best women teaching the same kind of American man the same lesson. The suffragists have to go through the summer and autumn, organizing, pleading, traveling, planning in order to break a path for light in the conservative darkness. They have to fight bogeys, fictions and slanders, fence with shadows, and bore themselves without mercy over dull people. And some day Mr. Root, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Wickersham, a number of editors, and some Tammany Hall politicians will make the great discovery all over

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again, and another step in human progress will have been accomplished.

If the prospect makes suffragists a little sour, if it tests their good nature a little too severely they must be forgiven, for any one with any sense of the immensity of the task before mankind can hardly fail to grow impatient at the price that has to be paid for the bare preliminaries of reconstruction. They are wrung from the governing minds of the modern nation at a ruinous cost.

Inquisition in New York Schools

THE New York City Board of Education has set the evil precedent of an inquisition into opinion that by universal consent ought to be free. It has denied promotion to Mr. Fichandler, a public school principal—no great matter in itself, perhaps—on the express ground of participation in a pacifist movement—a very serious matter indeed.

At the time when the Board took this action we were not at war. The United States government was not officially committed to a war policy. No inferior organ of government in the United States could assume an official position in the matter. It was as much the right of any private citizen to oppose the adoption of a war policy as to advocate it. The majority of the Board of Education, as individuals, happened to be for war. As officials they should have had no opinion on peace or war. They thrust their private views into their official action and disciplined Mr. Fichandler. The Board might have learned, if it had cared to inquire, that Mr. Fichandler was ready to accept a policy of war as soon as the nation should have adopted it. But even such an inquiry would have been an impertinence. The fact that a man is a member of the Emergency Peace Federation offers no warrant for presuming that he is a traitor until he has formally abjured treasonable intent.

Only one explanation has been offered, in palliation of the Board's offense: The opinions of public schoolmen carry such great weight in the community that they ought to be subject to some sort of official control. Granting the premises and accepting the consequences, it follows that teachers should be denied the right to take part in the discussion of specified contentious questions. If they should not associate themselves with a pacifist organization, neither should they be allowed to attach themselves to an organization with militarist tendencies. If the Board of Education wishes to square itself for its behavior toward a member of the Emergency Peace Federation, let it select for similar discipline some schoolman who is a member of the American Rights Committee. The pacifists as such would have had no ground for grieving over a policy of muzzling the schoolmen. The teaching profession has manifested an astounding volume of red blood in the last two years, if it is indeed red blood that makes one eager for war. For one David Starr Jordan we have a hundred educators raging against the sloth and supineness of the general public. Muzzle them all, and pacifism stands to gain.

But we don't want the schoolmen muzzled. They have reasoned opinion to contribute, and we need all the reasoned opinion we can get. We don't want to exaggerate the forces of adverse selection operating upon our teaching personnel. We want our children taught by real men, alert, independent, courageous, not by a muzzled and dejected tribe limited to furtive whisperings on matters which any free man, though a fool, may roar about.

The question whether or not there shall be war is not one that could remain long unresolved. But the actual declaration of war has not by any means produced harmony of opinion. Shall we send an army to Europe or shall we content ourselves with extending naval, financial and industrial aid to the Allies? Shall we rely upon volunteering or shall we introduce conscription? Shall we wage war alone or shall we apply for full membership in the Entente? On these and a multitude of other questions loyal Americans will differ widely enough to call one another traitors. What stand on such questions is a prudent New York schoolman to take? We might suggest that the New York Board of Education issue a call for a grand council of officious officials, to lay down a canon of orthodox patriotism and to anathematize the seductive shades of opinion verging on treasonable heresy.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN JOHNSON
GEORGE SOULE—Assistant Editor

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The Russian "Dumacracy"

IT is impossible, with the present dearth of news coming direct from the scene of action, to reconstruct in all their details the stirring events that culminated in the establishment of a new order in Russia. The wary preparations, the carefully concealed plannings, the difficult merging of opposed interests—all the secret history of the progressive bloc that brought about the happy dénouement, are still partly shrouded in mystery. And yet, with an understanding of the alignment of parties in the Duma before the Revolution, added to the scattered but significant facts that have reached us, we can trace the main outlines of the intensely interesting happenings of the last month in Russia.

The effort to rivet together seemingly irreconcilable elements for joint and united action in a Duma bloc presented two especial difficulties. The extreme Right, formed, for the most part, of hidebound reactionaries representing a minority group, were bureaucratic in their sympathies, and the revolt was aimed against them and their kind. The small band of deputies who call themselves Nationalists had practically split into two factions and were of little influence in the counsels of the Duma. They stand for a morbid type of Slavophilism which aims at an increase of restrictions on the non-Russian nationalities. But it may be said of the entire Right that the habit of sitting in a representative assembly had grown upon these deputies, who were originally opposed to any form of constitutionalism, so that many of them were not unprepared to aid what promised to be a very mild and middle-class revolt.

The second problem was how to win the support of that part of the extreme Left made up of the labor deputies. These fervent radicals were dreaming of a proletarian uprising along accepted revolutionary lines—a thorough housecleaning that would leave Russia swept and garnished, but, it may be feared, open for the seven more wicked spirits to run amuck. Fortunately, their leader, Kerensky, is a calm and level-headed man, and Miliukov had little difficulty in enlisting his help.

Kerensky first came into public notice through an event which occurred on the same day as the sinking of the Titanic. On that day there were labor disturbances in the works of the Lena Goldmining Company. The workmen went out on a strike, demanding an increase in wages. For this tactlessness, the strikers were assailed by the police and several were shot. The incident aroused great indignation throughout Russia, and investigation was demanded. A young lawyer, Kerensky, came out in defense of the laborers, and his able and fearless handling of the case won him wide popularity. Later Kerensky went to Saratov, and when he appeared as a candidate for deputy to the Fourth Duma he was elected by a heavy vote. Kerensky is a socialist, and shortly after entering the Duma he organized a group of socialist deputies called the *Troudoviki* (Laborites). His appointment to the all-important post of Minister of Justice seems to have helped pacify this part of the Left.

But disaffection is by no means stilled among the remaining group of the extreme Left. In the Duma the Social Democrats have about twenty deputies, several of whom are workingmen. They maintained a very consistent protest against the old régime, and they are far from being reconciled to what some of them consider a "namby-pamby" revolution. It appears that the Social Democrats are being aided outside of the Duma by their organizations, which, in spite of all attempts at suppression in the days of reaction, succeeded in keeping two little papers going. But party lines have naturally tended to disappear in these critical times, and it is impossible to believe that the Social Democrats are united in a vigorous and unyielding protest against the new government.

This disposes of the "ends" of the coalition. The solidifying of the middle presents equally striking features. There were three parties to be combined: the Center, formed of the Octobrists, who held the balance of power in the Third and the Fourth, the present Duma; the Progressives, a small group of pacific Constitutionalists; and the Constitutional Democrats, or Cadets (so-called from the initials of their title, K and D) an important party formed in 1905 and now the best disciplined in the Duma. In their political views the Progressives occupied a mediate position between the other two. On the one hand, they objected to the Octobrist policy of flirting with the bureaucracy, and, on the other, they disagreed with several of the more radical planks in the Cadet program. But they seem to have joined unreservedly in the coalition, and one of their prominent members, Konovalov, a young and active Moscow merchant, is now Minister of Trade. Another, Mr. Nicholas Lvov (not to be confused with Georges E. Lvov, the Premier of the Provisional Government) has been appointed Procurator of the Holy Synod.

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The Octobrist party played an extremely important rôle in the last two Dumas. Deriving its name from the October Constitutional Manifesto, the party stood for constitutional government. It is composed mainly of country gentlemen of the Russian Sir Roger de Coverley type, conservative and substantial, and averse to hasty and radical measures. Throughout the five years of the Third Duma, this party was directed in its tactics by a man who has come to the forefront in the present readjustment—Alexander I. Guchkov, the new Minister of War. Guchkov is one of the ablest men in the Cabinet, and is peculiarly fitted for the post he holds. He is, as the novelists used to say, "every inch a man," determined, imperturbable, a born fighter, and a lover of adventure for its own sake. He understands war, having served with the Boers in the Transvaal, and worked with the Red Cross in Manchuria and in the Balkans. Guchkov's political career began with his election to the Third Duma as one of the deputies from Moscow. As leader of the predominating party in the reactionary days of the wily Stolypin, Guchkov had a peculiarly trying task on his hands. He was unalterably opposed to the revolutionary movement that Stolypin was attempting to suppress with no gentle hand, yet he saw clearly that Stolypin was aiming to have the Duma shorn of power, thus practically putting an end to constitutional government in Russia. Guchkov had to steer warily, and by constant compromises and judicious surrenders he was able to preserve a faint semblance of political vitality in the Duma. But this policy of dickering with a repressive bureaucracy laid Guchkov open to grave suspicions. By self-confession a conservative, and now suspected of reactionary tendencies, Guchkov lost his prestige and failed of reëlection to the Fourth Duma.

In this Duma the Octobrist Party had no representative who combined Guchkov's intelligent interest in ideas and unfailing spirit of enterprise, with his hard bedrock sense and business energy. But the party maintained its majority power, and elected Michael Rodzianko of Ekaterinoslav, President of the Duma. Rodzianko belongs to the landed gentry, and is a solid conservative. He is a great giant of a man, a stickler for Duma etiquette and ritual, and a very impressive figure on public occasions. When the time came to form the Progressive bloc the Octobrists had no one in the Duma to take the place of Guchkov. There was only one man in whom all parties could place implicit confidence and who possessed to an eminent degree the qualities essential for leadership. The task of uniting all factions fell to the brilliant leader of the Opposition—Pavel N. Miliukov.

Miliukov had from the beginning taken a prominent part in the liberal movement in Russia, and had been active in uniting the Zemstvo Constitutionalists. It was in these Zemstvo bodies that Prince Lvov, now Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, had placed his entire faith, feeling that they would some day develop into the mechanism of a democratic and representative government. But the Zemstvo Assemblies were largely provincial. Miliukov saw the necessity of organizing, for political purposes, the professions in the towns so that they would work in coördination with the Zemstvo Liberal bodies. He threw himself into this task with characteristic energy and fearlessness. With the issuing of the Constitutional Manifesto of 1905, there arose the need of forming a party which would represent in the Duma the constructive and progressive principles of the liberal organizations. Such a party would stand for unalloyed constitutionalism and squarely against the reactionary forces in Russia. With this as the basis of its platform, the Constitutional Democratic party came into being, and in the hectic days of the stillborn First and Second Dumas it held the balance of power.

Miliukov was not a member of the first two Dumas, but he watched over the party he had helped to organize and was constantly active behind the scenes. But as floor leader of the Cadets in the Third and Fourth Dumas Miliukov shaped their policies and directed their general tactics. The Cadets form a fairly large group in the Duma, numbering about sixty deputies. Upon them fell the brunt of the Opposition, and they steered a middle course between the Octobrists on the one hand and the extreme Left on the other. Their program is sane and constructive; it does not promise the millennium. It attacks the vital and immediate problems of Russia: the autonomy of Poland, the lifting of political and other disabilities from the subject nationalities, and such others as demand quick solution. In every way the program of the Cadets reflects the temper of their leader. Miliukov is the new type of the Russian intellectual, balanced, controlled, energetic and practical. The ineffective, rudderless, despairing intelligentsia of Turgeniev and Chekhov have made way for a firmer, more dogged race. Miliukov's most characteristic quality is a sort of downright doggedness. His course, once decided, will be followed with unflagging persistence and exceptional tenacity of purpose. And yet he is averse to ill considered and extreme measures. Ten years of parliamentary manoeuvering as leader of the Opposition in a period of dark reaction have taken the edge off his radical appetite. Besides, his studies in the evolution of nations and governments have con-

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vinced him that social upheavals take a long time to prepare and a longer time to control after they have come.

There is no doubt that the Russian Revolution was carried along by its own momentum to a goal which the guiding spirits had not sought. The plan to which Miliukov seems to have been committed was for a regency looking to the ultimate restoration of the young Czarevitch to the noble throne of his father. But events, and urgent radicals in the Duma, willed otherwise. Here, I think, was the real crisis of the revolution in Russia. The leaders might have sought to stem the tide of republican sentiment, for among those that helped to engineer the progressive bloc there are many who doubt whether the Russian people are prepared for or desirous of self-government in its true sense. Fortunately, Miliukov, keenly alive to the unexpected turn of affairs, was unwilling to force the issue. To-day the Constitutional Democratic party stands committed to the republican form of government and awaits the decision of a plebiscite.

To us in America the news of the Russian Revolution was so sudden and startling that it brought the thrill of the miraculous. Miracles demand a deeper faith than we can give, and, following the first elation, have come tremors of doubt and the inevitable fears as to the ultimate outcome. What of the future? I think that for the Provisional Government there is every promise of stability, for it represents not only the coalition and complete merging of hitherto conflicting parties, but also the wise submission to inevitable exigencies. Moreover, the personnel of the new Cabinet is in every way admirable; each post is filled by a man peculiarly fitted for his task and able to inspire confidence. Disagreements and internal dissensions may come; but Russia faces a national danger which has solidified national feeling. The forming of the progressive coalition is no mere tour de force. It is symptomatic of a condition in the body politic.

Of one thing we may be certain: Russia will never go back to the old order of things. It has emerged forever from its clinging mediaevalism. Its face is turned to the west. Never again will one be able to describe Russia as a huge giant standing half asleep, with his feet in the Caucasus and his head in the Arctic regions, and clasping to his breast a mighty jug of vodka. Whatever be the decision of the people as to the potentate, the Duma remains the potent body. It may yet be that democracy in Russia will have smoother sailing than many in America can bring themselves to believe. For one thing, the machinery of representative government is ready, and the people are not unskilled in its use. That there will be storms and grave crises, who can doubt? Russia's problems are many and by no means easy of solution: industrial and economic organization, popular education, the amalgamation of varied races, the nationalization of the largest of land empires, and a host of others. There are the problems that confront a country which needs to strike a balance between agricultural and industrial development, to uncover tremendous resources and release colossal energy. But these problems Russia would have had to face in any event. Hitherto her efforts to solve them have been retarded by the relentless struggle for political readjustment. With an all-powerful Duma representing equally all the people within her borders, with all the accumulated experience of the west to guide her, Russia enters upon her great experiment in representative rule under conditions far more favorable than those which existed for the American colonies or for France. Even a regal symbol of Russia's unity cannot retard her progress.

LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND.

Introductory to the Independent Show

THE opening of the first independent exhibition of pictures in New York City is an occasion for some reflections on attitudes towards contemporary painting. There is habitually—and especially to-day—so much searching of hearts and minds, so much painful anxiety concerning standards and qualifications, that a word about sanity in choice will not be inappropriate. It is here to be questioned how much standards are to be desired and sought, how far we ought to be concerned to define our ends in choice, and to how great an extent we are, by so doing, aiding or on the other hand limiting our freedom of intelligent operation.

There can, I think, be very little doubt that conventional habits of historical thinking tend to form a rather restricted, and largely false, conception of the definiteness of expression peculiar to a particular time. We often think, for example, of the fifteenth century in Florence as a time of clear-cut aims when artists painted "Florentine" pictures; and in a certain sense, of course, this is true. There were at that time rather restricted media; Florence was a small town with a few painters in it; and those few were patronized exclusively by church and state and a few wealthy patrons. But even so, if we leave aside the facile generalizing critics and look at the pictures them-

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selves, how little do we find of this simple uniformity! How different is Botticelli from Paulo Ucello or from Ghirlandaio, how little there is in common between Verrocchio and Lippo Lippi! The simple person, responsive not to critical formulæ but to personal expression, finds almost infinite diversity even among the few men painting in this small town and even among those of strict contemporaneity. The good old formula of the artist as the expression of his time is not indeed absurd, but it is dreadfully overworked; and, when it has a profitable meaning, has it only for a person of wide special knowledge.

For ordinary purposes there is no such thing as the spirit of the time in any complex civilization, except perhaps at moments when the customary variety is momentarily submerged by some violent emotion of the mob. In general there is not a spirit but a number of spiritual currents, both contradictory and converging, and it is only by a historical selection, very often based on highly questionable grounds, that the apparent unity of purpose and feeling is discovered. There are at all times traditionalists and radicals, there are people who yearn for spiritual detachment and those that love the feel and flavor of earth. There are the sad and the joyous, the lover of the crowd and the seeker of solitude, and these various people do not just take the same stuff of art and write different messages with it. Their lives and their expression are more organic than that; and all that they do and say, if they are real people, is impregnated with their idiosyncracies.

There is therefore at no time the kind of unity that the books conventionally refer to. The unity that is found is rather of the kind that white men find in Chinamen. When we do not know Chinamen at all we find them all alike, but after getting to know them better we find that Chinamen are very various, just like other people. After getting to know them exceedingly well and writing books about them, we each come to have a theory concerning Chinamen singularly different from everyone else's theory. The people who are satisfied to know that a picture is English school or French school or Italian school (which means apparently that the artist was born in one or other of these countries) or that it is cubist or realist or impressionist correspond to the first class; the people who look at pictures as individual objects and get some realizing sense of their identity are of the second class; and in the third are those who tell us what the groups and "schools" mean.

It is an unfortunate thing that those who aspire to get out of the first group and rise to higher things generally aim at once to join the ranks of the third, without going through the intermediate space, like the political generals who go from a desk to a field command, like the man who had never played on the violin but was ready to try, like all kinds and conditions of people who wish to get the fruit when the seed has barely been planted. It cannot be done. One does not even know that there is going to be any fruit. The persons who are concerned as to what cubism is, and who accept with cheerful pseudo-understanding a definition that often has no real meaning whatever, are quite mistaken in believing that they are getting in touch with the spirit of the time.

As a matter of fact there are scores of definitions of cubism and most of them are utterly pointless. They are about as exhaustive and as serviceable as a definition which calls a cow an animal with a tail. Some one may object that a dog also has a tail. Yes, but that is a different kind of a tail. Another may define a cow as an animal that gives milk. But, objects the critical one, so do goats and donkeys. Yes, but a cow gives more milk and besides, the milk is different. And so on through endless reaches of more or less sophisticated vacuity.

Now it would be much more useful for the person who was not interested enough to go deeply into the anatomical characters of the female of Bos Taurus, if he should be content to get acquainted with her, to scratch her amiably between the horns and feed her carrots or grass. This would lead much further than inadequate definition. The same is true of pictures. Definitions are very difficult and rarely valuable except to the specialist. For example, I tried for years to get a definition of impressionism, and the only one I could invent that seemed critically sufficient, was that the impressionists tend to relate color spots in all parts of their canvases to each other, rather than to oppose colors grouped into local masses. The proposition is not true of most pictures by so-called impressionist painters—but there is no qualification whatever that is. So again, the only thing that at a certain stage of their development I could find true of the cubists was that they believed it possible to make planes interpenetrate. I am not going to try to make these statements clear because no one could possibly understand them without having in mind all sorts of relevant pictures. To the public, cubism means queerness of a modern kind and they want to know what makes the pictures queer and why the artist likes them that way. The answer is of course that no single thing makes them queer and that the artists have no one single reason. In short there is no one queer thing, but a lot of them, and you can call it all cubism or snarkism or any thing else. The label neither explains nor illuminates.

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Pictures are made to be looked at by anybody, but very few people can generalize about them without being futile. It takes a lot of experience in the second and troublesome stage, that of becoming acquainted with individual cases, to warrant the third stage, of generalization. To believe it important, as people continually do, to "understand" art rather than to look at it, is absurd. Such understanding has no value either as mental or æsthetic culture and is merely the satisfaction of a facile curiosity. It is a soothing syrup for a mild agitation. I have more than once been told, when I have given a trumped-up explanation that the oldest man in the world could not have understood, "Thank you so much, that makes it perfectly clear." In all except spelling and mood such explanations are just like the blessed word "Mesopotamia."

And this brings me back to the original theme. Just as cubism and impressionism, which in themselves represent only a small part of the current art activities, are impossible of definition because of their variety, so still more is this true of all the varied movements of the time. It would be quite as absurd to suppose all trees should give the same flower because in spring they all feel the pressure of the sap, as to suppose that at the same time there should be a common expression by the artists of the world. The artist's impulse is toward expression, but it is toward his own expression, and there is no preëstablished harmony that makes artists more alike than are other people. Some push forward and some push back, some react with sorrow and some with joy, some fear and some are unafraid. They are all a part of the time's expression and find their corresponding temperaments among the public.

There is no obligation on the part of this public to be infinitely curious. Art appreciation is not an obligation to universal curiosity or to painful research. The public devotes but a few minutes at a time, and that much only occasionally, to painting. If people then succeed in finding something that gives them genuine satisfaction they may well be contented with the day's work. They are not going to find salvation in anything that is for them so casual a contact, and by trying for a remote ideal they are likely only to miss the genuine satisfaction that a thing within their grasp might give them. They cannot hope to repeat the great sensation of the Armory Show, and they might as well realize the truth, which fear of being left behind is tending to obscure, that it is not always the rashest scout that finds the right path. There is no incompatibility between art and conservatism any more than there is an invariable alliance. It is possible to be reactionary and silly like the editor of The Art World or reactionary and intelligent like George De Forest Brush. If one's interest is not keen and one's time is limited, it is much more profitable to dwell with one's familiars than to go in search of adventure in the untrodden wilds.

It is rather regrettable that people are so much concerned, in matters of art, over the agreement of their judgments with the judgments of the wise men of the future. It is really something of such very small importance. The proper way to relate oneself to pictures is just to look at them—often, if one is interested, occasionally if one is not. If you see at a show a picture that you really like and that you like still better when you see it a second time—then, if you can afford it, buy it. A picture in the house is worth a hundred at a show. For the people who have more money than time, it is the only effective means of progress in art appreciation.

So let the people go to the Independent Show, (or any other) as though they were going to a picnic and not as though they were going to school. What bores them will profit them but little and what interests them will lead further only if they look some more, and not if they are merely encouraged to ask an explanation. In art nothing explains so little as an explanation, and nothing explains so much as intimate acquaintance.

LEO STEIN.

Mine Enemy

LOVE your enemies! It is the voice of a god, and I bow to it in humility. But I am a man. My spirit is weighted down with matter. It is matter, alas, not cold, inert, content in the eternity of its obstructiveness, but matter quick, throbbing, trigger balanced. I hate.

I hate him. To do him justice, he is an amiable person. More amiable than I could ever be. He is a man of parts, and urbane, only a trifle too strong to be suave. A grave dark man, with lustrous black eyes, black arched brows, dark skin, black hair, graying interestingly. It is a mask no color shows through; let him look up, with eyes and brows and mouth, and he is gently gay; let him drop his thin lids over the live hemispheres of his eyeballs, long lashes upon his dusky cheeks, let him lower the corners of his lips, and he is ineffably sad. He does it at will, I know, yet when he deliberately tries it on me, though I see through him, and hate him, still am I thrown into confusion of my reckonings and I find myself stupidly saying, "Sad is the lot of man. Suffering is his native domain. Judge not that ye be not judged." And mine enemy gets away pleasantly, and I have not

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killed him. Afterwards, when he is safe in his distance, I nearly kill myself. Oh fool, if he could thus manage you, why did you ever reproach her?

She was loveliness. Where you first met her God knows. Perhaps it was in a serene old poem, or the moving melody of an Irish song. Perhaps it was in a vile tale overheard behind the livery stable when your voice, turning bass, with unaccountable roars and squeaks, shamed you into great stretches of silence. "It is a lie, by God, she was nothing like that," you cried in your soul, adding blasphemy to lust, and murmuring, "Oh Lord, forgive me. I am the most miserable of sinners." Or perhaps you got her out of a volume of phosphorescent glow, bound in yellow, and passed furtively from youth to youth. You were enraged that an inferior scoundrel had thumbed the pages before you, and cast down because you had passed the printed tidings on. But still you had said in your soul, "She is perfect, she is pure. God be merciful to me a sinner." It was she you invoked when temptation first beset you; she whom you would have spilled your blood to appease when you fell. She whom you forgot when you grew worldly wise and plucked the favoring hour.

And finally you met her. She was asleep. She did not know what she could mean to you. She did not know she was beautiful beyond endurance. Indeed she was not beautiful until her soul unfolded, against her will, to you, as a flower of disquieting fragrance unfolds unwillingly to a doubting and gusty spring day. She loved you, but it was too late. He, mine enemy, had been there before, and had taken a mortgage on the flower's root, for a song, for a sigh. It was a cracked song, a forced sigh. But they sounded real to her. God knows, I have no blame for her. She was purity and excellence; what could she know?

She had been brought up with extreme propriety. That there are men who rage and sin she had early been instructed, but she had also been instructed that there are nice men, the kind her parents know, who do not so. What the ragers and sinners really do, she did not know; something too terrible to be contemplated, but she was taught that nevertheless youth is mainly serene, and all's well with the world. It was a pleasant, well-hedged garden in which she budded, one from which a tale like this would have been rigorously excluded. As these are modern times, she went to college and learned gently to stomach Guinevere and Jane Eyre's Rochester under a professor whose purity of life and sublimity of view made possible a discreet agitation of the many veils enwrapping what is but should not be. Thus equipped for the realities of the moral life and the unmoral, the lady of my dreams stepped forth from song or story, to shine in the workaday world of New York, fitted for it as one who has had three polite lessons in swimming, supported by pneumatic bags, is fitted for the Atlantic after the crashing torpedo in the vessel's flank. Still, she was valiantly breasting the turbulent seas, until he, mine enemy, rose up from the depths with row upon row of saw teeth, behind lips smiling promise of safe guiding and unstinted support. As for me, I was too late.

Mine enemy, be it understood, had been married. He had been married, under what he plausibly set forth as the baleful influence of proximity. At first his wedded life had been one of sweet unconscious joyousness and he had supposed himself happy. But a black shadow had early fallen upon him. The lady of his choice, all too soon, turned moody, and scant was her response to his brave rejoicings upon the procession of the months and the prospective multiplication of household responsibilities. She had fatuously expected something besides flat rejoicings that she was fated to face death alone, rather unprepared and unweaned of life, that the world might rejoice in a fresh, laughing face of babyhood. He had forgiven, but the repetition of his hopes had brought repetition of his lady's separatist views of the unequal distribution of suffering between the sexes. A third adventure, and the same evidence of disunity between wife and husband appeared, to crush the husband's spirit. It was intolerable. It was necessary for him to break with her. Don't you understand?

You refuse to understand. Possibly, if you are a man, you haven't black brows, and eyes, and darkly moulded lips, with ability to look sad or gay at will. Possibly, if you are a woman, you were brought up in a household from which plain tales of real life were not excluded, where you were taught to swim impolitely without pneumatic supporters, even in seas where submarines and sharks come unawares. But my lady of the sheltered youth and the professorial glossing of Guinevere and Jane Eyre's Rochester was rapt with understanding. There was a poor shattered man's life to be pieced together again. There was a desperate wound for woman's nursing. My lady thought she loved him.

That was before I came. I was too late to win but not too late to love, and she returned my love, so much I forced her to admit. It was a mortal sin, in her eyes. For her sake he, mine enemy, was abandoning wife, children. For her sake he was wearing out a year in his stale Indiana home, that the proper court might set him free. Thus had he forged a chain to hold her out of his vice and weak-

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ness and disloyalty. I was out of the competition. My life was before me. I had no broken home, no deserted children, to stake for love. I retired, to wonder at the toughness of the bonds that hold body and soul together. They still hold, and I still write and hate.

They were married and I danced at the wedding. I believe in carrying myself off in style, by Heaven, and I felicitated them more generously than even the occasion required. I ate bitter bread with them, too, and observed, with rage growing toward the murderous, that my black-browed, black-eyed friend with dusk rose lips, sad or sweet at will, was again to be misunderstood. Again death was to be faced by someone that life might be renewed. Again there was a lady, the loveliest in the world, who felt herself a bit lonely in the presence of an unbounded optimism.

She died in childbirth. God rest her soul. He did not rest it, however, before my black eyed friend had found some measure of relief from misunderstanding. There was another lady, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked, marble-browed, not moody nor querulous, congenitally gay and serene, the true complement to his type. He had come to believe by this time in frankness, and had explained matters fully, that his new wife might know indeed what it is to face death alone.

He wears mourning now, which becomes him. He has called on me. "You knew her, and she was very fond of you," he says in a vibrant broken voice, his black eyes dropped, his black lashes resting on his dusky cheeks, the corners of his lips drawn down in ineffable sadness. For the moment my sympathies go out to him, as in early spring a bird beats its wings against an illusive pane of glass, presenting what seems another bird in the bleak loneliness of the world. Mine enemy departs suavely and urbanely, and I have not killed him. He is still at large, to be introduced to the daughters of households to which a tale like this is not admitted. As for me, you can not despise me as I despise myself. I did not kill him. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. If the progress of rationality would but leave this text unquestioned, I should be content. But even of this I have come to despair.

CASPAR LANG.

Customary War Finance

IN the event of war with Germany, Senator Simmons is reported in the daily press to have said, "I do not think additional taxes to those now being considered for the revenue bill will be imposed at this time. It has been the custom of this country to pay war bills by bond issues, and I see no reason for a change in that policy."

If war comes we shall doubtless find it necessary to draw extensively upon the public credit. But the tone of Senator Simmons's remarks and the reason assigned for his financial policy will send a little shiver of premonitory dread over those who are familiar with the financial history of the past wars in which this country has been engaged. It has indeed been the custom to finance our wars largely on credit. But it has also been the custom to bungle our war financiering. Excessive dependence upon credit cost the country unnecessary millions in the War of 1812. It cost the country hundreds of unnecessary millions in the Civil War; and few things contributed more effectively to this end that the intention, well advertised in the beginning of the war, to spare the taxpayer.

The American financial tradition contains much that is admirable. We developed in this country, for instance, the limited term bond which has been so widely copied in Europe. And we have avoided, for the most part, the fallacy of the discounted bond issue at an abnormally low rate of interest, a favorable device of the younger Pitt which has cost the English people dearly. But along with much that is good, our financial customs contain much that is palpably bad, and if in the future we can do nothing better than ape the past, we shall inevitably come to grief. The American precedent that sanctions bonds also sanctions greenbacks, and the danger of relying upon custom is illustrated by the fact that fast on the heels of Senator Simons's endorsement of the loan policy came a plea from two of his colleagues on the Finance Committee of the Senate, for a large issue of greenbacks.

However, it is not the intention to indite here a sermon on the menace of the greenback. Our present interest lies in the prosaic but pernicious American custom of exempting government bonds from taxation, particularly from federal income taxes. The tax-free bond exerts not only a harmful political influence, but it is, I believe, a bad bargain for the government. We lose through the exemption more in taxes than we save in interest; and if under the stress of war, bond issues multiply and tax rates mount, the loss involved is likely to become a matter of first rate importance.

The defense of exemption is found in the widespread belief that the investor pays the government generously for this immunity. Thus if the general

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level of interest rates is such that the government could sell a tax-free four per cent bond at par, it is asserted that the bond would sell for only 98 if subject to a two per cent income tax. Indeed, it is maintained that the fear of higher tax rates in the future would actually cause the taxable bond to sell for something less than 98 under the assumed conditions. This argument, of course, meets a subtle response in the breast of the treasury official who desires to obtain the highest apparent terms for the bonds which he is selling. The tax-free bond also has the approval of the financial houses and bond brokers who like to be able to sell a guaranteed article, free from all possible flaws and infirmities.

Now it would be absurd to assert that taxable bonds are likely to fetch as much as those which are immune from taxation. The privilege is surely worth something. But it is susceptible of something akin to mathematical proof that the government is unlikely to get for the privilege all that it is worth.

Before considering the mathematics or arithmetic involved, however, it may be well to note the handling of an analogous problem in the field of private corporation finance. A similar question, it will be remembered, confronts every corporation when it desires to place a new issue of its bonds on the market. Shall it assume the normal income tax and guarantee its bonds free of all taxes collected from the debtor corporation? Most corporations do: it is the American custom. But the custom is losing its hold upon the more enlightened corporations. Some time back an American corporation arranged with the famous banking house which underwrites its securities, to float a large new issue. The price was fixed, the terms settled and all but the final preliminaries arranged. But when the counsel of the corporation came to formulate the exact terms of the indenture he balked at the customary tax-free covenant and made up his mind to leave it out. He believed that this old American custom was vicious in its general effects and unprofitable to the company. The banking house objected, but the corporation was firm, and in the end the customary covenant went by the board. But not the slightest change was made in the terms upon which the bonds were taken. Neither has there been the slightest difficulty in marketing the bonds at very favorable prices. In recent years the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the New York Central, and the American Telegraph and Telephone Company have all marketed large bond issues which do not contain the old tax-free covenant. And this flouting of financial "custom" has apparently exercised no adverse effect upon the price of their bonds, certainly not enough to justify the corporations in assuming the federal tax.

On the other hand, it must be noted that smaller public utilities and industrial corporations generally still display the most tenacious eagerness to guarantee their bonds free from income tax. Even during the life of the first federal income tax law which nullified tax-free covenants made after the passage of the law itself, a number of industrial corporations actually agreed in their bonds to pay all taxes collected at source by the federal government to the extent and whenever it might be lawful for them so to do; and in deference to their wishes, at the recent revision of the income tax law, the clause nullifying such covenants was omitted.

The lesson of this experience seems to be that large and powerful organizations, whose credit is of the best, do not have to promise immunity from taxation in order to secure the very best terms which the market is ready to offer. And this would seem to apply with unusual force when the borrower in question is the richest nation in the world, seeking credit in a market replete with money, for the support of a war which will have, if it comes, the passionately earnest support of practically the entire citizenship. In this first loan, patriotism will play a most important rôle. No one wishes to see this "financial patriotism" exploited; but the general ethical and political considerations involved all point to the undesirability of freeing the creditors of the federal government from those burdens and obligations to which all other taxpayers are subject. We want no class of taxless creditors unless it is demonstrated beyond all doubts that it pays those who are bearing the taxes to support such a group of apparently burdenless drones.

Why, to return to the primary arithmetic of the problem, does it not pay the government to abstain from taxing its own bonds? The essential reason is as follows: The federal income tax rises from nothing to fifteen per cent on incomes in excess of $2,000,000 a year. Assuming a general interest rate of four per cent, taxpayers in the highest class could afford to bid about six-tenths of one per cent more for a tax-free bond than for one subject to the income tax. Roughly speaking, they could afford to bid for tax-free bonds on a basis as low as 3.4 per cent. Unfortunately, however, there are not enough people with incomes of $2,000,000 a year to buy the entire bond issue which, according to report, will run far up into the billions. In order to dispose of this amount the government would have to draw in an indefinite succession of lower bidders. In order to float the issue it may even be necessary to interest mutual savings banks and other institutions like universities which are exempt from federal income tax altogether. And it is the lowest or marginal bidder

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who exercises the greatest influence in fixing the price of the bonds. Investors subject to a ten or twelve per cent income tax will buy the bonds at prices fixed wholly or largely by buyers subject to a two per cent tax or not subject to any tax at all.

Under a progressive income tax, an exemption skims off, as it were, the cream of the tax. It kills the goose which lays the genuinely golden eggs. It destroys the highest possible tax. It gives the rich an exemption of ten, twelve or fifteen per cent, while it yields the poorer investor two per cent or nothing at all. And if, as is not unlikely, war conditions force the income tax up, with a higher spread between the lower and upper rates, the leakage here described will be even more serious.

Exemption, moreover, has a curious back action, a reverse twist which is worthy of note. Practically all interest paid by an individual taxpayer may be deducted from his gross income regardless of the purpose for which the debt is contracted. For instance, a man may borrow $10,000 from a bank to buy and carry an equal amount of federal bonds —the income from which is not taxable—and then deduct the interest paid as if it were a loss or item of business expense. There will be much borrowing on the new federal bonds. If they are tax-free the government will not only get no income tax from them but interest paid on loans contracted to carry these bonds will kill off that much more taxable income.

Finally it is to be noted that the best foreign precedent is against exemption. Up to the last great war loan England has steadfastly refused to issue long time bonds free from income tax, except to foreign purchasers. In the loan of January, 1917, however, an experimental exception was made. Purchasers were given an option between a taxable five per cent bond sold (at 95) to yield after deduction of the present income tax something over 4.1 per cent, and a tax-free bond bearing four per cent interest issued at par. It would be interesting to know, and the American government should ascertain if possible, which form of bonds proved more attractive. The choice of the British public in this particular case could not settle the matter for us, but the experience may throw light upon an American "custom" which needs searching scrutiny.

Down at bottom, however, this is not a question of financial arithmetic. It is a question of fundamental political policy. In most American commonwealths to-day, the state and municipal bonds of that jurisdiction are exempt from all property and income taxes. The federal government similarly exempts its own bonds from taxation as well as the bonds and securities issued in connection with the federal farm loan system. We are thus making room for a class of the untaxed, people freed from the fiscal vicissitudes of citizenship, beneficiaries of American government, but not directly interested in seeing that it is conducted either economically or well. The boundaries of this city of financial refuge should be restricted, not extended. It is an unwholesome resting place for any group of American citizens, unwholesome for the refugees themselves and certain in the end to evoke class hatred and class legislation.

T. S. Adams.

At the Capitol

NOW that the President has declared in favor of "the principle of universal liability to service," the proposal of compulsory military training is certain to receive more vigorous support than it has hitherto had. To those members who have for some time indorsed the plan as a means of integration, there are now added others who will follow the President's lead, either from a sense of responsibility or because they feel that a recruiting campaign in the present condition of the labor market would be undesirable. In the past the organized friends of a universal training program have chosen the less direct method of influencing Congress, chiefly by arousing home sentiment —though they have at times sent to the hearings on the Chamberlain bill various enthusiasts, who gave incredibly bad, and often almost irretrievably damaging, testimony. Backed by the President's statement of preference, they will now be encouraged to center their efforts on a quick campaign to win support directly—though the administration measure is not apt to be either the Chamberlain bill or the General Staff bill, but a new proposal of more particular bearing. Before the chances of its adoption can be gauged, it is necessary to realize that up to the present time Congress has never taken the question seriously. Outside of Washington, the impression seems to be that universal training has been an actual issue, kept close to the surface of Congressional discussion at all times by members who were interested enough to want to persuade others to their way of thinking.

To appreciate how inaccurate such an understanding is, it is only necessary to look back at the events of the last session. When Congress assembled on the fourth of December, the asserted advantages of universal training were no less real than they are to-day, and the practical need of it was only different in degree. Moreover, the summer parades and the pre-election protestations were recent history. Yet it was seven weeks before there was the briefest reference in Congress to the question of universal training. On January 22nd Mr. Chiperfield asked in the House for "unanimous consent to proceed for one minute upon the subject of citizen's aid to military preparation." Aside from this one minute no attention was given to the subject until two weeks later. Then, while a bill to establish a fish-hatchery in Tennessee was under consideration, Mr. Gardner—who had been taking no part in the discussion—arose suddenly and asked for unanimous consent to extend his remarks in the Record. This pro forma request being granted, Mr Gardner printed where it was of little persuasive value an article on the subject of military service.

Until within two weeks of the close of the session the minute and a half required for Mr. Chiperfield and Mr. Gardner was all the time that was given to the discussion

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of universal training. On February 15th the annual Army Appropriations bill came up, and throughout the following six days there was an almost continuous consideration of military matters. It is remarkable that during this period, when every opportunity for the expression of opinion was present, only fifteen members of the House chose to speak on either side of the universal training question. The general indifference seems even more exceptional since the opportunity for discussion came two weeks after the dismissal of the German ambassador, and after the sinking of both the Law and the Housatonic. It seems evident that to the members of the House universal training was not intimately enough associated with the crisis to excite either advocacy or opposition—and this conclusion is supported by the character of what debate there was. For the most part it consisted of the set speeches of men with a known position to live up to. Nor did those who were not speaking show a disposition to hear the testimony on either side. The votes which were had on the minor administrative matters and various political issues that came up from time to time showed an attendance that was seldom above fifty. Occasionally there was a responsive applause—as when Mr. McKenzie asserted that the adoption of universal training would be "turning our backs upon all the history of our country," and Mr. Howard declared that if the General Staff entertained any hope of such a plan's being adopted "they were the most credulous beings I ever heard spoken of on the floor of this House." Only once was there aroused the enthusiasm necessary to action. That was during the course of a speech by Mr. Quin, and the literal manner of the Congressional Record gives the best indication of the heights it reached:

> "My friends, this measure has in it all the provisions and instrumentalities of tyranny. It has more. It has in it the teeth of a dragon to bite into frazzles the liberty of the people. [Applause]. Will you stand for the kind of a measure that would put all of the powers of a despot in the hands of the President? [Cries of 'No!'] Do you believe the American people would tolerate such things as that in times of peace? [Cries of 'No!' 'No!'] If the American people have such a law as that put on them, the political party that is responsible for it would be driven out of power and the individual congressmen would be scourged from their seats. [Applause.]"

The response of the House to Mr. Quin's address proved an accurate index of sentiment. Just before the final passage of the Army Appropriations bill, Mr. Caldwell in a brief and unimpassioned speech offered an amendment providing for universal training. It was struck out on a point of order raised by Mr. Field, and without contest, without later attempt to revive the issue, the cause of universal training in the Sixty-fourth Congress perished by a parliamentary rule.

Though this record seems to reflect an extraordinary indifference on the part of the House, it is less remarkable by comparison. During the entire session of the Senate, extending over a period in which every argument for military service had its full force, there were only two brief references to the subject of universal training. One came when Mr. Thomas reserved the right to file a minority statement after the Chamberlain bill had been reported back; the other, when Mr. Watson introduced the General Staff's plan as a bill, but guarded himself by explaining that he "did not stand sponsor for the measure, but introduced it at their request." In either house the attitude might have been less one of indifference if outside pressure had been active. But this test was never applied. During the session only nine petitions came to Congress, in any form, to indorse the universal training plan. This unconcern cannot be attributed to a general apathy of the public toward all legislation; for while universal training made scarcely a ripple, the plan for one-cent local letter postage and the proposal of a new tax on oleomargarine brought a hundred vigorous petitions spontaneously.

The fact is that Congress has not been so opposed to universal training as uninterested in it—less afraid to take a favorable stand than, in the absence of strong local sentiment, to take any stand whatsoever. To few men does the proposal appear as an unconfused issue, to be met as such. By one it is regarded as an unjustified attack on the National Guard system; by another, as an instrument of limitless danger in radically inverting the position of the negro. The leaders of the movement in Congress have been the few enthusiasts whose arguments are for the most part sterile, and whose conventional conception disqualifies them for leadership. Success without higher aid was perhaps not within their achievement; but they have done little to prepare the ground for the President's favorable declaration. As a consequence, even so compelling a claim may bring only a qualified, and certainly a reluctant, response. The weakness in the position of the universal training enthusiasts has from the first been the failure to hitch their propaganda to a national policy that would justify the adoption of such a plan. One of the natural results of that failure is the present indetermination of Congress, interested only because considerations other than the basic question are now involved. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

As to Faculty Meetings

SIR: It is certainly gratifying to learn that the subject of faculty meetings has enough general interest to be worthy of a place in The New Republic. The anonymous professor makes a statement which doubtless has a wide application. The situation as he knows it and describes it represents a sufficiently dismal condition. Those of us who know more of universities more favorably situated are likely to forget how much worse the situation is in the institutions of the country as a whole. Dismal as the picture is, much which your professor portrays is presumably warranted by the circumstances. And it is also true that where conditions are better, they are only moderately better; and that few institutions are free from the limitations which make faculty meetings either tedious or futile.

In regard to the diagnosis presented, I must differ wholly as to the prescribed cure of publicity. This is but one more example of the American fallacy which advocates a method successful in one situation as a cure for others of a totally different nature. The wisdom of the publicity of legislative and other similar proceedings will not be questioned in view of the interests involved. The presence of a gallery at a faculty meeting and the false formality thus given to the proceedings would turn the temper of discussion in a wholly undesirable direction. There is no reason to look upon legislative deliberation as a model, or indeed to derive any comfort from that institution. The statement that the "politics of the college is not on a high plane" is true and misleading. The proper way to reform it is to minimize the interest in any politics at all. Indeed, the word "political" has an unfor-

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tunate implication, and the analogy is itself an accusation.

The second point of diagnosis is so central and complete that little more is necessary to an understanding of faculty meetings. Allowing my eye to roam over the article, I find such assertions as that faculty meetings evoke no stimulating discussions, that they are ineffective and dull; that the speeches are dogmatic, and each professor desires to lay down the law; that fussy exactness is substituted for insight, and that formal disciplne is worshiped; that the members are reactionary and that college politics invites craftiness; that college men are not loyal to one another, and that finally and all comprehensively they are worried over by deans and presidents, so that they have no independence or backbone. Thus we come to the conclusion: "And there will never be a remedy for this until the colleges are made honestly democratic, the instructors and professors given their due share of power and responsibility," to which is added the cure of publicity already discussed.

If the government of colleges could be made honestly democratic the end would indeed be gained. It is well to point out the enormous improvement in this respect which has come about in the last fifteen years, at least in the more favorably situated institutions. The movement was advanced at first by a small group of men looked upon as radical and impractical. But without much publicity they have influenced opinion which, in the last two or three years, has taken definite shape. It has been advanced by the founding of the Association of American Professors. This has given a voice to sentiment otherwise inarticulate. It will be found that presidents and deans have realized the situation and are by no means ready to use methods current a decade or more ago. In several faculties there are committees which share the responsibility with the president, or act as a check upon his authority. Machinery for encouraging responsibility by the faculty in the government of the institution is important, but not so important as the spirit which its existence expresses. There is still vast room for improvement; but it is but fair that those who, like myself, have expressed themselves strongly and publicly on democratic control in colleges, to acknowledge the concessions and the victories which have been gained. I have not hesitated to say that if the existence of presidents and deans necessarily involved the kind of government which we are having, it would be better to abolish them wholly than to pay the unfortunate cost in lowering the initiative and responsibility of the faculty. The movement under way is clearly to remove the dangers of these offices and to direct their authority in conformity with the democratic government. It has frequently been pointed out as strange that the government of universities, which above all represent a select body of men, should be so essentially autocratic in our country, while abroad these institutions are the very ones which are democratically governed. It is this condition that is slowly being removed. Its complete removal will require a change in the legal organization. It should not be overlooked that the question at issue eventually relates to the authority of governing boards. This authority has been most wholesomely exercised by a judicious neglect. It has often worked a serious havoc when actually exercised.

But the main purpose of this communication is to express satisfaction that the topic is one of public interest. It is also my purpose to suggest the trend of modern movement of opinion, and in a measure to offset the too desperately pessimistic tone of the anonymous professor. While in no way greatly optimistic as to the present conditions of university government, I have seen enough change in the right direction to appreciate that things are much better than they were. And, being connected with an institution which on the whole represents the distinctly favorable type of situation, I need not share the hesitation of the anonymous professor, and thus may append my signature without reserve.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

Madison, Wisconsin.

The Author Protests

SIR: The Arnoldian vivacity of your reviewer, in his remarks on my volume, The Contemporary Short Story, is praiseworthy; but I am amused to discover that he apparently denies that a man who writes for money can attain any high literary reputation. If I mistake not, it was Samuel Johnson who said that nobody but a fool ever wrote a book except for money. And Johnson has a tolerably secure place among the immortals. Shakespeare also, we are told,

"For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

And I have not heard that there are many writers superior to Shakespeare. Hazlitt would hardly have penned a line if the wolf had not been continually at his door—with a kindly editor to keep him off by accepting those admirable essays reprinted in Table Talk and other volumes.

It is, of course, fortunate that poets like Wordsworth and Browning were independent of earnings by the pen; and we have doubtless lost some good books through other men's lack of such independence. But an attitude toward literature which maintains that an author should never think of pleasing a large public—*i e.*, of making money—is a decadent attitude. *Some* writers who are exceedingly popular are no doubt exceedingly bad; but some (like Burns) are exceedingly good.

Let me add that my book gives very high praise to Joseph Conrad—whereas your reviewer conveys quite the contrary impression of my comments on that great artist.

HARRY T. BAKER.

Urbana, Illinois.

Justice Higgins on Mr. Valentine

[NOTE: The following letter was written by Justice Higgins of the High Court of Australia, and will be interesting, especially to the friends of the late Robert Valentine.—THE EDITORS.]

DOONA, MALVERN,
MELBOURNE: 12 Jan. 1917.

DEAR MISS MILLER:

I am grateful to you for not forgetting to include me as one of the friends of R. G. Valentine. I had not heard of his death until your letter reached me to-day. It was a thoughtful and earnest letter of enquiry as to the ways of our Federal Arbitration Court for Labor Disputes, a letter written to me by Mr. Valentine, that led me to seek him out in Boston when my wife and I were on our way to Europe in June, 1914. What a far cry it seems to the happy times before the war! Mr. Valentine not only received me with warm American courtesy, and listened to whatever I had to tell him, but introduced me to most interesting people whom I shall never forget. Through

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his efforts my mind was disabused of the impression, which is unhappily widely spread, that in America self is all and the public interest naught. Since I returned, as well as in Britain, I have been able to say that I have never met such public spirit as in the United States, or such zealous endeavors to secure the best things for humanity. The employer is too apt to look only at the financial side of business; the employe is too apt to look only at the human side; Mr. Valentine threw his soul into the enterprise of getting each to see the other side. I shall be very glad indeed if, as you kindly propose, you will keep me informed of the progress of the work. Mr. Valentine has been called to rest from his noble, self-imposed task all too early for his friends; but in his short life he did more than most of us achieve in much longer lives.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings, not in fingers on a dial.
We shall count time by heart-throbs; he most lives
Who thinks most—feels noblest—acts the best."

These words are applicable, alas! also in the case of my son—our only child—who was killed on the 23rd of December in fighting at El Arish against the Turks. I am too sad for a long letter.

Yours very truly,

HY. R. HIGGINS.

Regulated Democracy

SIR: I wish to express my approval of your article on food control in which you advocate a rigorous federal supervision of food supplies by concentration of surplus products at strategic points, and governmental control of grain elevators, terminals, flour mills, packing houses and the like.

I would proceed even a step further than you advocate. I would champion government control of railways, mines, food, important manufactures, and all other great interests vitally affecting the economic stability of our society. It may be argued that this will be a perversion of democracy; to such I would reply that our democracy has been clothed for too long a period in laissez-faire doctrine and the sooner we rid ourselves of this delusion about the right democracy, the better. In itself democracy is an excellent thing, but it must be regulated, and this is the essential factor so glaringly absent in this country. The government has subtracted itself too completely in the past and the place it should have assumed in dealing out equity and justice in economic matters is taken by private enterprise whose objective is not common good, but individual gain.

I do not propose to advocate socialism, or anything approaching it. I merely desire to see a more vigorous assertion by the government of its rights.

The European countries at war have taught us the lessons we need to learn concerning the advantages of government control over public necessities.

The advantages of such an arrangement in this country are evident. First, there would be a more economic utilization of products and hence a reduced market price. The dollar would increase in value. Second, there would be more centralization which in American political philosophy does not mean absolutism or monarchy, but coöperation. Coöperation would do away with wasteful competition and inferior grade products. Third, the large class of middlemen who have so ruthlessly bled the public in the past, would either be restricted to a maximum profit, or else forced to retirement.

A cursory glance through the papers of the last six months will emphasize the necessity for more stringent federal supervision of the large economic factors. First the Brotherhoods threatened a nation wide strike; then New York was faced with the "Milk situation"; next came a general rise in food prices. Now we hear of the indictment of a syndicate of coal operators who attempted to boost prices, and once more the Brotherhoods threaten to declare a strike. Surely government control could stop some of this trouble.

EDW. P. TASTROW.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Defense of Socialism

SIR: The post-election criticism of the Socialist party by Mr. Simons and others may be summed up under three heads. The first is that foreign-born Socialists have swung the party into advocating a pro-German foreign policy. The second is that the party has fallen from its earlier high aspirations to a sordid truckling for votes. The third is that American-born Socialists, revolted at this cringing Teutomania and at this vulgar expediency, have cut loose from the leadership of Berger and Hillquit and have gallantly shouldered arms in the company of Roger Sullivan or Murray Crane.

In regard to the alleged pro-German bias, it must be recalled that the Socialist party has an international as well as a national function. It is a spokesman for the labor movement within the nation; it is also part and parcel of the labor movement of the world. As a national political party, labor is simply the most important of its many important interests. As a branch of an international workers' organization, however, its labor interest dwarfs all the rest. This two-fold function of the party is what led it to protest so much more vigorously against what the British did to Ireland than against what the Germans did to Belgium and the Lusitania. Mr. Simons views this discrimination as an abyss of shame. Yet the Irish rebellion, though political, was flung up from industrial grievances which had long been seething underground, and which it was the special business of the Socialist party to champion. The destruction of the Lusitania, on the other hand, was a political-commercial tragedy. It imposed on Socialists no obligation, as Socialists, to depart from their usual course of pointing out (as they did) that industrial tragedies, equally poignant if less dramatic, were continually occurring in all modern countries, whether during peace or war.

Turn to the charge of expediency. Mr. Simons finds that in the 1916 campaign the Socialist party pocketed its kid gloves and its utopian professions and frankly went after the Polish vote here, the German vote there, and the trade union vote somewhere else. Well, what did he expect it to do, during an election? Put on its best Sunday pose, raise its Marxian eyes to Heaven, and piously assure the nearly converted Socialist that it humbly commends him to the Republican or the Democratic fold whose leaders it modestly hopes will carry out the Socialist program better than its own leaders can do? Curious that a clever man like Mr. Simons should forget that, outside of utopia, the business of a political party during a political campaign is to get as many believers as possible to vote for its program, and not quixotically to rebuff them by exacting a sweeping yes to all its social ideals.

Too little expediency, rather than too much, accounts

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for the whittling down of the Socialist vote. Why has the party failed to capture the full strength of the labor and radical following? Largely because it has not been expedient enough to make its philosophy or its purpose clear through the idiom and the interests of the common man. Think of clubbing a sweatshop worker's brain with the shibboleths of Marxian dogma, "emancipation of the worker," "surplus value," "economic determinism," and all the rest of them. It is like teaching a schoolboy arithmetic in terms of the differential calculus. No wonder the victims edge away and cry: "If this be the litany of salvation, we'll stick to the good old tunes of the prince of this world of trusts." In short, there's a place for every weapon and every weapon in its place. Captain König takes good care not to submerge the Deutschland below sixty feet, knowing that if he does her sides will be crushed in like eggshells. A stump speaker must show the same prudence in handling the generalizations of Marx. For though they be as submarines in a college hall, they are as eggshells in a Broadway or East Side crowd.

As to the third point, it must be admitted that the Socialist party loses many an adherent through its refusal to adjust its machinery and methods to the facts of the American environment. Nor is the blow softened when the seceder fires the parting shot that "the stiffest conservative is a revolutionary Socialist," or that "the best place to work for Socialism is outside the Socialist party." There is enough powder in both shots to make Socialists wince. Not to build a silver bridge for flying friends, however, we feel bound to point out the logical consequences of secession. A Socialist, leaving the party because it is not radical enough, joins the Wilson Democrats. Suppose his new companions fall short of the radical mark. Will he then enlist with Colby Progressives, next with the Perkins wing of Republicans until, in a climax of revolutionary progress, he rises to Taft and Smoot's Old Guard? Again, can he hope for swifter conversions among people who regularly vote for the little brothers of Roger Sullivan or Murray Crane than among people who belong to the international movement for which Marx, Jaurès, Keir Hardie, and the Fabians have fought? We need not doubt that the seceders are moved by an earnest desire for progress. But we may be pardoned for thinking their progressivism as impractical as that of the merchant in the Madras House, who, when he sickened of English family life, took refuge from monogamy in Mohammedanism.

Nor is this political unrealism to be justified on the ground of the narrow, intolerant vision of a large part of the Socialist membership. Can the rank and file of any movement get safely by the Binet test? There is surely nothing new in finding masses of dead or inert material even in a progressive cause. Look at the Puritan Progressives of 17th century England. A remarkably dismal lot they were, not half as attractive company as the bonnie Prince Charlies or the rollicking Cavaliers. Yet the ablest English liberals of the times joined forces with these psalm-whining bigots because, in spite of the superior dash, grace, and personal charm of their opponents, it was the Puritan and not the Cavalier who made the torch of freedom burn the brighter.

Like their Puritan forerunners, the Socialists have dismal faults, but faults studded with hopeful virtues. Theirs is the only party democratically financed and (as far as human idolatry and laziness will permit) democratically managed. It fills its election chests, not from the purses of giant corporations, but from the dues contributed equally by its members, and it submits all prime acts of policy and organization to membership referenda. Finally, in the absence of a Labor Party, it is the only organization that can unite the wage-earner, the tradesman, the farmhand, and the underpaid clerical or professional man on the question of democratic power. Shall the forms of democracy which everybody now enjoys be invested (through a redistribution of income) with the substantial political power which only a few enjoy?—this is the mightiest problem of the modern state, and the Socialists alone in America are pledged to bring it to a sharp political issue.

FELIX GRENDON.

New York City.

Heine's Seekrankheit

SIR: Mr. Louis Untermeyer's excellent article, Heine and Jones, published in The New Republic, March 17th, 1917, points out with insight and justice the reasons for the failure of most Heine translations. But when Mr. Untermeyer writes: "Following the mawkish Herr Ernst Elster's lead, Mr. Jones omits the entire poem Seekrankheit, one of Heine's most brilliant satirical attacks on Germany," he fails to note that in the Elster edition, Seekrankheit appears among the poems in the second volume as No. 32 of the second book of the Nachlese.

Moreover, Mr. Untermeyer reproaches Mr. Jones for having omitted the last part of Frieden and for thus justifying the omission: "A concluding section of Peace is in the Elster edition omitted and this omission I am glad to follow." The section omitted appears in the notes to the Elster edition, with the explanation that it is omitted in the French edition and the five Hamburg editions from 1827 to 1844, all of which, except the fourth, were revised by Heine himself.

BEULAH B. AMRAM.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Wheeler's Black Spots

SIR: Perhaps it would have been well for your gentle reviewer of "Fifty Years of American Life" by Everett P. Wheeler to have made himself a little more familiar with some of Mr. Wheeler's other writings before so kindly reading into his character such a benevolent, fair and democratic spirit. As he but imperfectly remembers Mr. Wheeler's anti-suffrage letters, I recommend to his reading the introduction to The Influence of Christianity upon the Condition of Women, in which occurs the following passage: "It is obvious that when many suffragists are strenuous against a double standard of sex morality, what they want is to lower the standard for women. They would set up a system of week-end marriages when the woman goes off with the man for a brief period of pleasure and then they separate. Naturally they want the state to set up a phalanstery where the children who happen to be the result of these transitory unions will be trained. As some of their leading writers say: 'They will be quite as well cared for in a state-managed establishment when they are well and much better when they are sick.'"

Is not this conspicuously perverted and unfair, and "can he be a sensible man?"

Maybe your generous critic would be willing to add occasional black spots to the predominant tone of straw color with which he has chosen to paint the plumage of Mr. Wheeler.

C. H. S.

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Books and Things

THERE is a real question back of Mr. Harry T. Baker's letter in this issue, on the rectitude of writing for money. Mr. Baker takes an extreme position on the question he proposes. He testifies that many great men have written for money and that the greatest of writers was not merely expedient in his literary practices but definitely had no motive in writing but the economic one. Gain, we are told, was Shakespeare's object; he "grew immortal in his own despite." This, of course, is simply silly. But granted even that Shakespeare went so far as to give an occasional long eye to the main chance, it is pertinent to inquire what degree of commercial consideration is legitimate in a writer's career.

The favorite way of meeting this inquiry is to take the case of some poverty-stricken creature like Hazlitt and depict him writing masterpieces in order to keep the wolf—that is, the bum-bailiff—from the door. Without such economic pressure, we are told, Hazlitt would never have penned a line, therefore economic pressure is admirable and frequently results in masterpieces. Similarly Johnson wrote Rasselas to pay his mother's funeral expenses, therefore one's mother ought to die penniless in order that one may write of Abyssinia. But the real quandary is not suggested by these examples. The real dilemma is between writing in order to make money and writing as the market decrees, regardless of one's own inclination and judgment and taste. Only a prig objects to being paid for a product that is marketed for gain. Even Byron reconstructed his grand gesture of abnegation when he saw Murray pocketing all the profits of his poetry. But there is a difference between exacting pay and being mercenary. It is a difference determined entirely by the degree to which one accepts censorship for the sake of profit. A man is not mercenary who makes a good bargain for what he has written, he is only mercenary if he sells his soul.

No one would now be exaggerating the economic motive for writing if that motive did not tend to be fashionable. In the eyes of the aristocracy there was little honor in the economic motive. The privileged class disdained specific payment and chose to stigmatize all persons who sought it as mercenary. Clergymen and physicians and scholars—these poor dependents who lived on bounty and continually begged favor must always have seemed ignominious to the aristocracy, not to say a word about mere tradesmen. But the emphasis is now the other way. The man to flatter is the man in business. He likes to be told that Shakespeare wrote for "gain, not glory." It puts Shakespeare in his own class. If he is more contributive than the aristocrat, less on the backs of the poor, he is still under the suspicion of worshipping the golden calf, and if his sycophants can implicate Shakespeare so much the better for business pride.

A writer's earnings have no relation to his valuableness. Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope were commercial successes. So was Tennyson, and Browning at the latter end. But there are others equally admirable in the same epoch who endured proverbial poverty and neglect. Where a man could write pot-boilers like Grant Allen or William Sharp the privation was not so apparent as in the case of novelists like George Meredith and George Gissing. Gissing tutored, it is true, and Meredith earned a little money by writing for newspapers and reading for a publisher, and acting as a sort of literary companion, but neither of these men could have undertaken anything remunerative without cutting into their creative activity, and this activity brought them little reward in money. The same was measurably true of such great writers as Ibsen and Walt Whitman. The hardships that Ibsen endured are notorious. But for a small governmental pension he could never have survived. His work was low-grade ore, so far as immediate profit was concerned, and Walt Whitman's was only meagrely successful. The author of The Way of All Flesh is another whose work showed a loss in his lifetime. He could never have kept on writing had he not inherited a little income. Among present British writers, Shaw and Wells and Galsworthy and Bennett, all of them now over fifty years of age, have made money since the conclusion of their apprenticeships. If Stephen Crane had pulled through it is possible that his poverty would have been similarly amended. As it was, one has the impression that his fate was gratuitously difficult though not nearly so cruel as the fate of a great writer like Edgar Allan Poe. So sparse a creator as J. M. Synge managed to go on living only by being as frugal as a monk. The early financial history of Henry James and Joseph Conrad and John Masefield and Bernard Shaw also reveals the endurance test that is awarded to authors who do not write for money so skilfully as Owen Johnson and Robert W. Chambers and Gouverneur Morris and Rupert Hughes and Jack London and other gifted but concessive Americans.

Considering how Kipling and Mark Twain and Stevenson have pleased the large public, it is egregious to argue that pleasing the large public is synonymous with the behavor of the huckster. There are other ways of being a great man than by being an enemy of the people. But when one admits all this, when one agrees with John Hobson that "perhaps there is a false simplicity in the romantic view of artistic genius, which assumes that the artist and his work are necessarily degraded by inducements to work for a public, instead of working for himself alone," one does return to the necessity of determining a degree of commercial consideration which manifestly avoids the mercenary. Mr. Hobson is himself not a purist. "It may, indeed," he says in Work and Wealth, "be held that an artist who is so self-centred as to have no conscious consideration of the artistic needs and capabilities of his fellow men, is so essentially inhuman as to be incapable of great work. The use of an art-gift for communion with others, involving some measure of conscious social direction, seems involved in the humanity of the artist. Even when that direction takes the shape of market-prices, it does not necessarily incur the violent censure bestowed by romantic persons. When a sound public taste operates, this direction may be justified." If a man writes well but cannot sell what he writes, one infers that Mr. Hobson would advise him to study his public, even to the point of subordinating "some of his private tastes and proclivities." This concession to the caterers may seem a great deal, but Mr. Hobson has no final illusions as to the soundness of "writing for money." Recognizing that there are depraved public tastes, he is unequivocal in asserting that the gratification of those tastes, "the production of base forms of art, in painting, music, the drama, literature, the plastic arts, must necessarily entail the highest human costs, the largest loss of human welfare, individual and social."

This is the banal moral truth that the numskull defender of writing-for-money leaves out. If he applied the human standard of value he would infallibly detect those depravities which Mr. Hobson suggests. But with the essential depravity of smug fashionableness as his norm, he of course detects nothing except the invincible importance of being mercenary.

F. H.

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George Moore

George Moore, by Susan L. Mitchell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00.

Confessions of a Young Man, by George Moore, 1886. Edited and annotated by George Moore 1904 and again in 1916. New York: Brentano's. $1.50.

WHEN George Moore used his friends for "copy" he did not reckon on reprisal. It is lucky for him that reprisal comes from a gentlewoman so little malicious as Miss Susan Mitchell. Had Mr. Moore not himself set a bad example Miss Mitchell's amused appreciation of him would hardly have gone further than lively conversation and witty letters. But he who takes license gives license, and Miss Mitchell sees fit to publish this inimitable impression derived from observing George Moore in Dublin.

Miss Mitchell's preferences among the books of George Moore furnish a formal excuse for her volume. Its real justification is her critical perception of the man himself, especially the man as he appeared in the Dublin of Ave, Salve and Vale, about which Miss Mitchell writes as an insider. She is not malicious. She is not one of George Moore's victimized friends returning the compliment of portraiture, delineating George Moore from that side of reminiscence which no man is smart enough to see for himself. Yet without a sign of ulterior motive Miss Mitchell has put her author in a perspective cruelly just. It is the perspective of her own shrewd, kind, clever, witty disposition. By implying her self and outlining the Dublin that was antecedent to George Moore's trilogy, she manages without underestimating him to give the most comic emphasis to his pretensions, his frailties, his foibles, his limitations.

Moore she first met in London. "When next I met George Moore it was in my own city Dublin, where every brewer pleases and only literature is vile, but I, who still trailed some of the clouds of reverence that I brought with me from London, looked at this man of wicked books with an excitement that even irreverent Dublin could not damp. . . . Moore, who everyone said was a very wicked man, had the rosy face and innocent yellow hair of young virtue, kindness was on his lips, though his eyes were not quite so kind, a little slow in following the lips. I had met in London another yellow-haired writer, but he was pale and pasty of complexion—and Moore was not like Symons. No, he was not like Symons; it counted in his favor. . . . He [Moore] had champagne shoulders and a somewhat thick, ungainly figure, but he moved about a room with a grace which is not of Dublin drawing-rooms. Afterwards, seeing George Moore in the street, I found he was the only man in Dublin who walked fashionably. The strange word suits him; perhaps he is the last man of fashion in these islands. He wore an opera hat. Nobody in Dublin wears an opera hat, and, when Moore put it like a crown upon his yellow head or crushed it fashionably under his arm, it acted on Dublin like an incantation. I remember my own instantaneous homage. This description I feel to be inadequate, and I have summoned to my aid the folk-lore of Dublin. Dublin is a crater of epithet, and whenever George Moore is mentioned out of the crater boil such phrases as 'an over-ripe gooseberry,' 'a great big intoxicated baby,' 'a satyr,' 'a boiled ghost,' 'a gosling.' I am not satisfied with these descriptions, they are florid and untidy, and all descriptions suffer in comparison with Moore's own perfect etching of a portrait. He speaks in the latest of his prefaces of his 'sloping shoulders and long female hands,' with the feeling of a true artist."

This is only the Tartar sauce with which Miss Mitchell goes on to serve George Moore. His attitude toward women, toward religion, toward painting, toward Ireland, toward literature, toward persons like Horace Plunkett and Douglas Hyde and "AE," she discusses with marked acumen. His malevolence toward Douglas Hyde, his spitefulness about Edward Martyn and Gill and Plunkett, she is ready to concede, though George Moore's invasion of privacy of itself does not shock her. "What is there to be afraid of after all in the common humanity we share? Mr. Moore has perhaps encountered this being in himself, and has some inkling of this truth, but with a perversity usual to him he seems to seek truth not for purposes of soul, but for purposes of art. I sometimes think Mr. Moore knows very well what he is about, and how wrong is the motive of his inquisition into other lives, and that a consciousness of wrong doing makes him unscrupulous in the uses to which he puts his knowledge."

Besides describing the "orgy of temperament" that one finds in Dublin society Miss Mitchell sets history right as to Frank and William Fay, who founded the modern school of Irish actors, and as to Standish O'Grady, "a true comrade of Homer," and as to the Messiahship of "AE"; who, in spite of the evidence against him, "remains a friendly human being who loves a laugh even at his own expense, and who would be surprised and probably annoyed if he knew that there are some who believe that in Ireland all roads lead to 'AE'." The "all-embracing literary affection" of George Moore drew in these personalities; but on the periphery of such an Ireland, where lie The Untilled Field and The Lake, and outside it, where one discerns Evelyn Innes and Esther Waters and The Mummer's Wife, Miss Mitchell does not fail to occupy herself. She seems credulous as to Esther Waters, but her judgments are vivid and interesting, and many will agree when she says of Moore that "while his writing about writers is always very interesting, his writing about painting is a different and a greater thing."

The Confessions of a Young Man, now reprinted, Miss Mitchell does not take so seriously as Mr. Moore does. Speaking of Memoirs of My Dead Life, she says, "there are some beautiful things in the book. 'Spring in London,' 'Marie Pellegrin,' 'A Remembrance,' 'A Waitress,' 'Resurgam,' should not die. This is the Mr. Moore whom we knew in 'Esther Waters,' who reveals himself partially in 'The Lake,' who is continually with us in 'The Untilled Field,' and of whom we have fitful glimpses in the waywardness of 'Ave, Salve and Vale,' the Moore who is neither a mock satyr, nor a nasty little schoolboy, but a thinker and a warm-hearted human being. This book is Mr. Moore's second essay in confessions, and while it is an advance on 'The Confessions of a Young Man,' showing greater power of selection and expression and less perversity and vanity—for life had no doubt been sitting heavily on Mr. Moore's head since those early days—it has not the fine originality, the wit and skill and malice and the entire indiscretion of the great Trilogy."

This is a sound though to my mind a softened verdict. There is very little that is durable about The Confessions of a Young Man. Mr. Moore compares it to Rousseau. It is much more comparable with the work of George Sylvester Viereck. Before the English public of 1886 Moore felt he was obliged to strike an aesthetic attitude and just as he had had a model for his clothes in Paris

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so he found a model for his manner in London, and he elected to be supercilious and ostentatious. This sort of smartness never became him. He never had the self-confident swagger of Oscar Wilde, the lightning quickness of Whistler, the buoyancy of Bernard Shaw. Compared to these he was always a little slow and fuzzy—a shambling Austrian trying to be a Prussian. In addition to his insolence he was resolved to "aestheticize," as he worded it, to show his rare sensibility. "Ideas are well enough until you are twenty, afterwards only words are bearable"—that disposed of ideas. "In hours like these," he languished, "a page of Huysmans is as a dose of opium, a glass of something exquisite and spirituous." A dose of opium, a glass of something spirituous—these were graceless phrases for a man to whom "only words are bearable."

To improve with age a book should not have been written with an eye to the immediate audience in front. The trouble with the Confessions is this preoccupation. If literary England was admiring Henry James, if literary America was admiring W. D. Howells, George Moore was going to destroy James and Howells in a paragraph. It is interesting to re-read these diabolisms and to see that the method Mr. Moore reports himself to have pursued in quarreling with a lord for self-advertisement—clubbing him over the head—was the method he used in attacking men of literary rank. Such guile has its sly amusing side, especially when one thinks of George Moore trying to debase Hardy and Meredith as well as Howells and James by exalting at the same time Miss Thackeray and Miss Margaret Veley. But in this insincerity there is an unpleasant and rancorous element. It is an aspect of the Boeotian in the early George Moore.

About Degas and others of the Nouvelle Athènes, about Shelley and Gautier and Balzac and Pater, about Emma in the London boarding-house—George Moore continues to be engaging in this juvenescent book. But it remains the book of a man to whom art had not yet given the unity that he craved; and who did not quite understand or acknowledge his divided soul.

F. H.

Victory, or A World Enslaved

The Issue. By J. E. Headlam. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.00.

GRANT that it had been possible, at the time of the German overtures of last fall, to establish terms of peace that would have preserved each party to the conflict from the humiliation of defeat. How could we have justified the Allied governments in their brusque refusal to negotiate? The price of this refusal was bound to be staggering; three millions of casualties at least, if the war ended in one year. And who could say the war would end in a year? This is an issue most of us tried to evade. We kept insisting that the Allies must have had inside information that the German terms would have been humiliating to listen to. The peace tentatives of the German government, we fervently affirmed, were designed merely to consolidate domestic support or conciliate neutral opinion. Or we fell back upon the moral necessity of exacting special retribution from the Germans for their responsibility in bringing on the cataclysm or for their brutal methods of warfare.

There are no evasions or perversions of the issue in Mr. Headlam's book. Questions of guilt in the opening or in the conduct of the war are suppressed, as irrelevant to the great questions of its political purposes and the international adjustments to follow. No doubt is thrown upon the sincerity of the German move for peace. "So far as the German government is concerned, there can be no doubt that they would gladly welcome any terms of peace which would enable them to come before their people without a crushing and irremediable defeat" (p. 8). What the author urges is that the war must go on until such a defeat has been administered to Germany. Only so can European civilization as we have known it be preserved from irretrievable ruin.

Mr. Headlam admits the possibility that Germany did not desire a general European war. She did not want to try conclusions with the world, for the present at any rate. But from the moment when she decided that Austria, because her ally, should dispose of a Balkan question at will, she was revealing a purpose that the rest of Europe had to challenge. For a century and more the Balkans had been recognized as a common European interest. No power had thought of arrogating to itself the right to move in the Balkans without consulting the community of European Powers. The action of the Teutonic allies amounted to a secession from this community. And if the other Powers had remained passive, this would have advertised to the world that Germany and her allies might shape their policies in future exclusively according to their conceptions of their own interests. Every lesser nation in Central Europe, the Balkan States, Holland, Scandinavia would have become virtual vassals of Germany, adding to her power when she should choose to enter upon more ambitious enterprises. What we should have seen would have been a process of imperial integration of precisely the same character

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as that which built up the Roman Empire. The vassal states might have long retained the shell of their independence, but so did the vassal states under the Roman Empire.

It was to defeat this purpose, so utterly subversive of the contemporary order of civilization, that the Allied Powers were forced to take up arms. It is to defeat this purpose that they insist on pursuing the war until the Germans have had their overweening ambition beaten out of them by acknowledged defeat. Down to the time when this book was written, there were no indications that Germany had abandoned her ultimate designs. On the contrary, everything goes to show that it had attained clearer expression than ever before. To prove this Mr. Headlam adduces the evidence, not of the wild rantings of superpatriots and the pronunciamentos of irresponsible journalists, but of the most reasoned and authoritative documents available. These are the manifesto of the six economic associations, representative of the propertied interests of Germany, and the manifesto of the intellectuals, representative of the professional classes, the pronouncements of the party leaders, the statements of Bethmann-Hollweg and Bülow, and the Central European projects of Naumann. However these documents may appear to differ in moderation, or perhaps rather in caution, a common purpose runs throughout them—to establish a Germany powerful enough to impose her will on Europe. The manifestoes of the economic associations and of the intellectuals give the most explicit outlines of what must be done. Extensive annexations on the West, including Belgium and industrial northern France, and corresponding annexations of agricultural territory on the East, are declared to be absolutely essential. To prevent these annexed territories from becoming the seat of irredentist activities after the war, it is proposed that the chief businesses and the lands shall be expropriated, their owners to be compensated, if at all, by Germany's enemies, as part of the indemnity of the war. Wholesale expulsion of populations that will not Germanize may be regarded as a tacit part of the program. Bülow, underneath his suave phrasing, is obviously in sympathy with this program. Bethmann-Hollweg and Naumann avoid committing themselves to definite schemes, but both, in their insistence upon conditions of security for Germany and freedom for expansion, conditions that in the nature of the case could not be extended to the enemy powers, reveal their adherence to the purpose of creating a new Europe in which Germany shall be secure, solely by virtue of her own might, not by a continuous process of adjustment of her claims to those of other equal states. Peace without victory would mean the triumph of this purpose. For Germany's military power would remain intact, but the coalition of her enemies, if it fails to beat Germany decisively, will fall to pieces and can never be formed again.

Mr. Headlam unfolds his argument with such consummate skill as to shake momentarily the strongest faith in the superiority of a negotiated peace. But the argument is too skilful to avoid arousing mistrust. The Germans employed a brutal diplomacy at the outset and tried to make their influence in the Balkans dominant. In view of their cherished ambitions in Asia Minor, ambitions recognized as legitimate in the Anglo-German arrangement of 1914, their desire for a position of predominant influence in the Balkans need not be ascribed to a hope of upsetting the general European balance. As for the emergence of projects of aggrandizement, and the more moderate projects for winning military security, we must not forget that when these were made public, Germany believed that she had won the war. What nation can be counted on to exercise a just moderation when the spoils of conquest are within its reach? Not our own nation. We should be slow to make war on Mexico, even for a good cause, in fear lest the sentiment, "Never haul down the flag," might leave us with new conquered territory on our hands. Mr. Headlam shows how moderate are the designs of the Allies upon Germany. All that will be required of Germany is the yielding up of Alsace-Lorraine, the Polish Provinces and perhaps North Schleswig. No real German soil would be seized. But Mr. Headlam is careful not to raise the question of the designs of the Allies upon Austria-Hungary or Turkey. The Italian claims upon Trieste, Dalmatia, Albania, Corfu, the Dodecanese—actually annexed, recently, though purely Greek—have the same quality as those advanced by the six industrial associations of Germany. The Russian claim upon Constantinople, the Rumanian claim upon Bukowina, the Serbian claim upon Bosnia and Herzegovina are other Allied projects deserving more careful consideration than Mr. Headlam would care to give.

As for the great design of Germany to become another Roman Empire, how deeply was it rooted in the national consciousness at the outset? It was not the attractive power of this design that brought the whole German people, socialists and all, to the support of their government. Rather, it was the belief that Germany had been attacked, a belief that the German government is still bending every effort to keep alive.

If we could assume that public sentiment remains stable even under the stresses of war, we could cogently urge, in opposition to Mr. Headlam, that the demonstration of German invincibility implied in a negotiated peace would have robbed the military clique of its best argument for an aggressive policy. But public sentiment does not remain stable. It evolves in unpredictable ways under the influence of a great war. Multitudes of Germans who in time of peace looked with apathy upon imperial expansion are now fanatical expansionists. Peace last fall, with the necessary implication of German victory, might have been a means of consolidating the imperialist tendencies of Germany, no matter what the terms. But this was not the only reason why the Entente Allies refused to make peace. The best terms the Germans would have offered were, as we now know, intolerable.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Recent Publications

The War After the War, by Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25.

IN one sense the title of Mr. Marcosson's book is an encouraging misnomer. By "the war after the war" most people spontaneously mean a deliberate and aggressive policy of economic boycott of Germany, such as was outlined at the Paris Conference. But this scheme for interlocking "favored-nation" treaties and discriminating tariffs in a bloodless post-bellum warfare of trade extermination is just the scheme which Mr. Marcosson doesn't believe will work. Italy, for example, will be sorely tempted to import her so-needed coal from Germany as soon as hostilities are ended. Will France be able—will she even desire—to prevent her ally from hastening her industrial recuperation? Most European business men realize that the peace

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needs of trade will be stronger than the costly hangover of wartime passions. "The war after the war," in a word, will not be so much a conscious policy of exclusion as merely the severe competition which will inevitably result from impoverished but closely organized national groups keenly bidding for markets. It is a fair enough warning for America to organize and nationalize her export trade. Mr. Marcosson does good service in dramatizing that warning. But he does a better service in his popular Sunday newspaper supplement style of exposition of the intricate financial machinery underlying the war. Thrift is the hero that finally captures the elusive heroine of a war-loan—in France traditionally, in England by billboard publicity and platform lectures. A sketch of Lloyd George and another of William M. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, conclude the volume in an organ tone of praise, which certainly the elementary intelligence of Hughes hardly seems to justify. However, it is not Mr. Marcosson's business to discriminate between intelligences. His business is to create heroes out of little, to mold a spectacular personality from the every-day clay which we can all recognize. This particular American magazine genre of crisp eulogy which catches as much of the essence of a man as a moving-picture catches of a great stage (and vocal) actress Mr. Marcosson is very much at home in. As a method of character revelation it works best with men of action—and nobody has yet put Lloyd George or Mr. Hughes in the ranks of the profound philosophers.

For The Right, Essays and Addresses by Members of the "Fight for the Right" Movement. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

HAPPILY this volume does not measure up to the bogey-man standard set for it in the first essay by Sir Henry Newbolt, a cheerful exposition of the relatively higher statistics for criminality in Germany than in any other civilized country. The bulk of the fourteen essays—with Gilbert Murray, Philip Kerr, L. P. Jacks, Maurice Hewlett and Ramsay Muir as contributors—are fair and unexpectedly moderate in tone. The Outlook of a Good European, by A. F. Whyte, gives in short compass an admirable outline of the nationality problem in Southeastern Europe, basing its whole scheme for a reconstructed Balkans and Slavonia after the war on the calm assumption of a complete dismemberment of Austria-Hungary. This is a forgivable accent in war-time, for the essential desideratum is autonomy, and autonomy may be as possible under a liberal and federalized Austria-Hungary as under a series of independent and jealous Balkan States. Throughout the book runs the basic idea that "the right" is something much bigger than self-defense or self-aggrandizement for England. Pro-Germans may swear, yet there is honest groping for the kind of peace terms which will mean a thoroughgoing reorganization of Europe as a whole. Most remarkable is the style of approach—the quick recognition that this is a coöperative problem wherein Germany, too, must contribute her share of the solution and her technique for organization. There is no "war after the war" cry for vengeance or the demand for punishment. Europe must be reconstructed free of the blight of an overweighted and cocky militaristic class who are fundamentally unable to think in other than nationalistic terms. The score must first be settled with the German military machine, which must be taught the salutary lesson that even democracies know how to defend themselves. That

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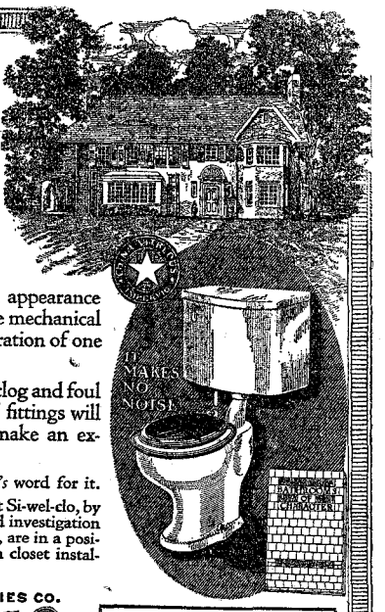

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done, coöperation is the common problem. For The Right would make uncomfortable reading for the German Chancellor; it would cause him to search his conscience. Our publicists, now busy with the stale and futile "barbarian" whipper-up of public feeling, might learn from this even-tempered volume how to put democratic driving-force behind the complex realities of a liberal peace.

The Spirit of Modern German Literature, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

THREE years of war have made a curious mythological judgment dominate the literary intelligence of the many countries now hostile to Germany, including America. In spite of ourselves, it is extremely difficult not to think of modern German literature as all mobilized, all intensely nationalistic, all in the same efficiently organized tone of rapturous Teutonism. And though a moment's reflection would show such a concept of uniformity to be the absurd but inevitable result of the pressure and warping of belligerency, yet a volume like this is a generous and welcome invitation back to sanity. The balance between short biographical data and critical interpretation is just. Sufficient detail for a background is supplied without any heaping up of irrelevancies, however brilliant. The whole field is embraced, and a conclusion reached, namely, that modern German literature aims to express "mastery of fact and the transmitting of fact into higher values by free personalities." It is the second aspect which interests the outsider most. "Free personalities?" Mr. Lewisohn shows how the noble "Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt!" theme of Goethe is caught up by Nietzsche in "Become what thou wert truly meant to be," by Hauptmann in "And they who strive are they who live albeit erring," by so essentially a modern as Richard Dehmel in "Even though thou err upon the hills of striving, it is not in vain." The struggle for individuality and personality runs deep and wide in modern German literature, and it is a grateful task for a sympathetic critic to reveal it to those who have forgotten the valid features of German "Kultur." A bibliography, truly Teutonic in its thoroughness, is appended to this first-rate little book.

Contributors

to this issue

LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND is associate editor of The Russian Review and an instructor in the English department of the College of the City of New York.

LEO STEIN is a New Yorker who has lived much in France and Italy and has made a life-study of painting.

CASPAR LANG is a pseudonym.

T. S. ADAMS is professor of political economy at Yale University, and author of Taxation in Maryland and Mortgage Taxation in Wisconsin and Neighboring States.

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